Methodist Magazine and Review.

FEBRUARY, 1898.

THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN QUESTION.

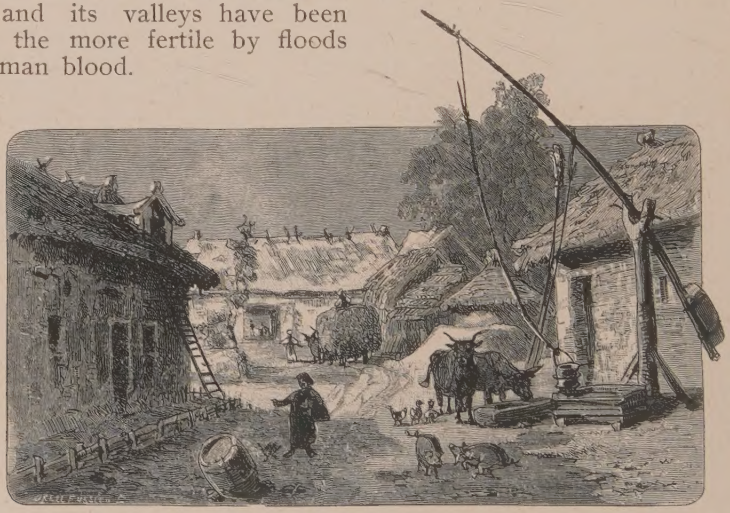
HERDSMAN OF THE HUNGARIAN PLAIN.

The storm-centre of Europe during the last few weeks has shifted from the banks of the Bosphorus and the frontiers of Greece to the banks of the Danube and the Moldau. The attention of Christendom has been focused on the turbulent scenes of the Austrian Reichsrath and the still more turbulent riots of Prague. It is difficult for us in this Western continent, where one language is supreme from the Rio Grande to the Saskatchewan, a distance as great as from the Loire to the Volga, to comprehend the motley mixture of many tongues and many races that make up the population of Central and South-eastern Europe.

In the spring of 1892, the present writer traversed these south-eastern principalities, through Roumelia, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, Slavonia, Hungary, Austria, and Bohemia, and the strongest impression received was that of the polyglot speech and striking varieties of costume, custom, architecture, and national distinctions. These facts greatly enhance the difficulty of administering the government and placating the jealousies of these rival races. One of the best presentations of this problem is that given by the accomplished editor of The Northwestern Christian Advocate, from which we quote as follows :

"No ruler in Europe wears a more uneasy crown than does Frances Joseph of Austria-Hungary. His very title of 'His Imperial and Royal Apostolic Majesty,' with its triple specifications as 'Emperor of Austria, King of

Bohemia and King of Hungary,' suggests the trouble into which recent parliamentary and popular disputes have plunged him, and into which his death may fatally plunge the empire. The history of south-eastern Europe is red with the records of its warlike past. Hungary has been emptied of its successive populations several times, and has received entirely new conquering possessors. The mountains of that weird region have kept the skies alight at night with the beacon fires of continual war, and its valleys have been made the more fertile by floods of human blood.



HUNGARIAN FARMSTEAD.

"The fierce love of liberty which has produced such heroes as Kossuth has its exceedingly noble elements. The Hungarian struggle cost Austria much blood and treasure. Though the revolt did not accomplish all it set out to do, one valuable result was a constitution which greatly enlarged the franchises of Hungarians. Francis Joseph became Emperor of Austria in 1848, but he did not add his title of King of Hungary until 1867, thirty years ago. It is not to be supposed that enmities which made their records of bloody turbulence during those comparatively recent days can be softened or quenched in only three decades. The position of the Emperor is very difficult. The composite empire fairly reeks with competing jealousies and mutual hates. The Imperial Parliament is composed of Austrian and Hungarian members. Each of the two kingdoms is divided into provinces, every one of which has its diet, or 'landtag,' to regulate local affairs. Each kingdom has its cabinet ministry also, which makes a vast sum of rivalry possible. Austria proper has 24,000,000 people and Hungary has 18,000,000. Austria has 8,500,000 and Hungary over 2,000,000 Germans. Besides these, the dual empire contains 6,000,000 Bohemians, Moravians and Slovaks, 4,000,000 Poles, 3,500,000 Ruthenians, over 5,000,000 Servians and Croatians, nearly 3,000,000 Roumanians and over 8,000,000 Magyars. It will be remembered how the Kossuth revolt revealed the savage courage and determination of the Magyars, and other revolts have shown that their fellow-citizens of the empire

are not innocent babes, by any means.

"The recent outbreak comes from the unappeasable rivalry and

mans, who are about one-fourth of the population of the empire, know that the order is but one of many movements aimed at their

SLOVAKS IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE.

national dislike between the Germans and the Czechs. The special issue is a recent order that the Czech tongue shall be the official language in Bohemia. The Ger-

supremacy. The challenge was accepted and some recent scenes in the Imperial Parliament have been scandalous and almost savage. Pandemonium reigned dur-

HUNGARIAN PEASANT.

ing several sessions, and open violence at last compelled the Speaker to summon the police, who forcibly ejected or silenced the principal disturbers. Premier Badeni lost the day and the Emperor finally dismissed his ministers. A new ministry has been formed under Count Gautsch, but even that is already opposed bitterly by the German party. Rioting at Prague, in Bohemia, compelled the proclamation of martial law, and troops fired upon the mob, killing and wounding large numbers. The Emperor is sixty-eight years old and his burdens increase as his days increase. It is the general impression that his continued life has prolonged the existence of the dual empire, which will rapidly disintegrate after his death.

"Nearly eighty per cent. of the population of Austria and fifty-one per cent. of Hungary are of the Roman Catholic religion. Nine per cent. of the whole empire is Greek Catholic, over fifteen per cent. Greek Oriental, eighteen per cent. Evangelical and about five per cent. Jewish. The empire is not distinguished for tolerance, and the sum of present peace simply has its roots in unwillingness to have perpetual war. Ten million in Austria and 9,500,000 in Hungary can neither read nor write. Yet these countries are struggling toward the light, and out of their present woes may come light and blessing. The great need is earnest religious uplifting. Austria-Hungary shares in the solvent state in which human thinking, feeling and aspiration are mighty agents."

Mr. E. Segrob, an Austrian writer, in The Review of Reviews, describes the difficulty of commanding an army in which eleven different languages are spoken, namely, Magyar, Polish, Czech, Ruthenian, Roumanian, Slavonic, Croat, Slovak, Servian, Bosnian, and Italian. The Parliament likewise presents a modern "Tower of Babel." The Austrian House of Commons has a few dozen members who cannot speak German, some who even do not understand it, and speeches are delivered in half-a-dozen tongues not understood by the majority of the members. Similar conditions are prevalent in all branches of government.

The jury system has become a farce and sham on account of nationalistic prejudices, and by reason of the inability of many jurors to understand any other language but their own. The postal, telegraph, and railroad service, the collection of taxes, the execution of law, business, commerce, industry, and last, not least, the education of the people, suffer

CZECH PEASANTS.

enormously under this polyglot from lack of a State language.

"So far the Czechs are having the best of the fight," writes V. Gribayedoff, a Bohemian patriot, "What is their programme? They demand that the Austrian Empire shall be comprised of a triple, instead of a dual, monarchy, and that the Emperor shall be crowned King of Bohemia in Prague, just as he has been crowned King of Hungary at Buda-Pesth. Such a dream cannot be realized in a day. But sentiments of national pride and independence have been infused into the inert masses of the Slav population, and a new spirit has been awakened which has shown itself in their recent achievements, not in the political arena alone, but in the literary field, in science, and in art. The Bohemians are ready to emerge from their Babylonian captivity.

"The Mayor of Prague distinguished himself by organizing a monster demonstration for the purpose of raising funds for the relief of the Czech populations left to the tender mercies of the Teutonic majority in the German portions of Bohemia and Moravia. Ten thousand brawny Czech gymnasts marched in full regalia

through the streets of the Bohemian city, to the tune of ancient Slavonic battle-marches and national airs.

"It is only just to add that if the Czech fares badly when found in the minority in a German district, the German receives scarce better treatment at the hands of a Czech majority. On the whole, however, the Germans seem to be the prime aggressors. They already feel the game to be a losing one, and the thought that the ascendancy is passing into the hands of their despised rivals is goading them into madness. The old Anglo-Saxon theory that the majority is in justice entitled to rule has not yet pierced their heads."

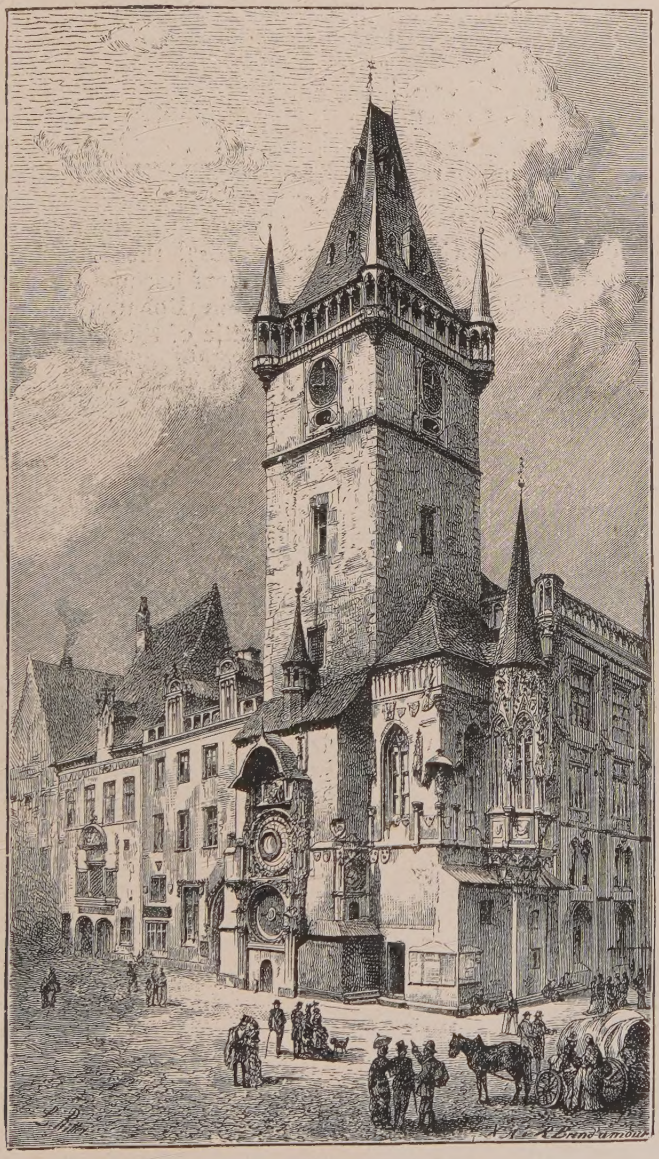
Some reminiscences of a visit to the Bohemian and Austrian capitals may be of interest in the present crisis of affairs:

My first walk through Prague seemed like a chapter out of the Middle Ages. On every side were quaint houses with fantastic decoration, ancient gates and towers, whose broken sky-lines were picturesque in the highest degree. The strange Bohemian names on the shops and street corners made it seem still more foreign. The quaint costumes of the people, especially of the Jewish contingent,

CHARLES' BRIDGE, PRAGUE.

and the many-coloured garb of the soldiers and police, added to the strangeness of the scene.

On these heights Tycho Brahe explored the secrets of the sky, and Ziska, the blind Hussite leader,



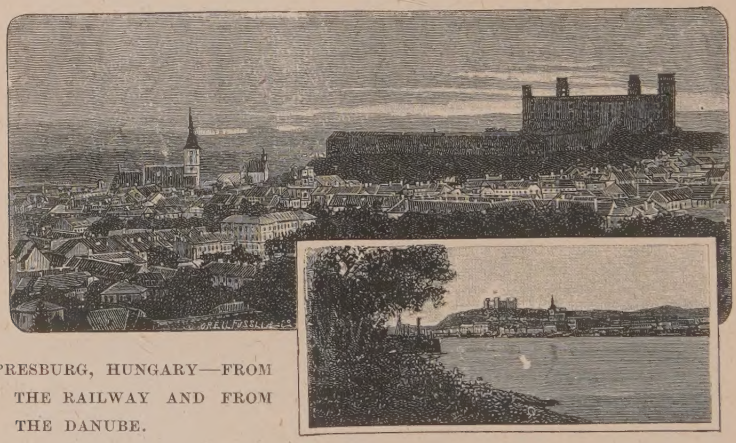
THE RATHHAUS, PRAGUE.

Through the town winds the river Moldau, and on either side of its rapid stream climb the terraces of the old and new town.

bade defiance to the Emperor Sigismund. The odd looking Carlsbruke, across the Moldau, is bordered, like the Bridge of St.

Angelo at Rome, on either side by theatrical-looking saints and angels in very dramatic attitudes. A huge cross, bearing the image of our suffering Lord, has on its pedestal the touching appeal to the thronging multitude, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" At one end of the bridge is a group representing the sufferings of the souls in purgatory, which is more grotesque than impressive.

In the middle of the bridge is a picture on glass, which is lighted up at night, of John of Nippomuck, the patron saint of Bohemia.

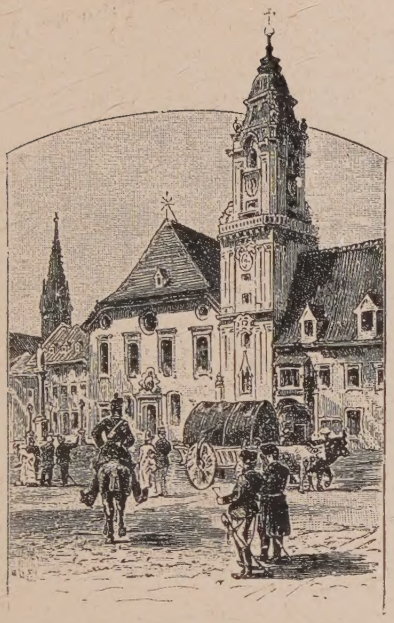


PRESBURG, HUNGARY—FROM THE RAILWAY AND FROM THE DANUBE.

He was flung from this bridge, according to legend, into the Moldau five hundred years ago for refusing to betray the secrets of the confessional. His body was discovered by the miraculous light emanating from five stars which were hovering above it. These are now the symbol of the saint in art.

No memories of Prague, however, are more potent than that of the heroic reformer, John Huss. He was rector of the University of Prague, and here first taught the doctrines he had learned from Wycliffe, the English reformer. After his base betrayal and martyrdom at Constance, 1415, followed in the next year by that of his friend, Jerome of Prague, the standard of revolt was raised here by the Hussites under their blind leader, John Ziska. He defeated the Emperor beneath the walls of Prague, and bravely held his own until his death in 1424. For more than a hundred years the strife of opinions continued between the followers of Huss and the adherents of the Papacy. When the great reformers of the sixteenth century arose, the influence of Protestantism became for a time prevalent in Bohemia; but, in 1620, the battle of the White Hill turned the scale in favour of the Papacy. And so it is that this noble city, that may be called the very cradle of the Reformation, became and has ever since remained among the foremost on all the continent of Europe in its adherence to Rome.

"The old Hussite church, the Teynkirche, erected in the fifteenth century, and containing the tomb of Tycho Brahe, had, formerly, among its most prominent ornaments a large gilded chalice, in token of the doctrine that the communion was to be administered to the laity in both kinds. There are, however, still three



TOWN HALL, PRESBURG, HUNGARY.

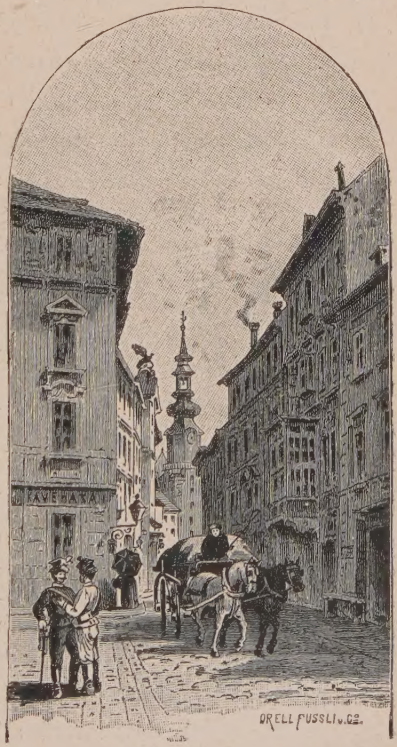
Protestant churches in the city ; with eight Jewish synagogues ; and those who care to penetrate through the narrow streets to the Jews' quarter, on the river-side, a little way below the old bridge, will find, among the sounds and smells of a swarming population, not a little that is curious and interesting. It is said that the Jews established themselves here before the destruction of Jerusalem as slave-dealers, buying, selling, and exchanging the captives taken by the pagans in war."

Here I visited what is said to be the oldest synagogue in Europe. It is a dark and gloomy pile begrimed with the smoke and dust of ages, sunk to the windows in the earth. A little group of the worshippers were chanting the old Psalms which have come down the centuries for well-nigh three thousand years. The adjacent Jewish burying-ground contained thousands of grey, time-worn, moss-grown stones, bearing Hebrew inscriptions, some with the symbols of their tribes, as a pitcher for the tribe of Levi. But they are now all overgrown and interwoven with creeping plants, alders, and briars. The scene recalls Longfellow's touching poem :

" And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown,
That pave with level flags their burial-place,
Seem like the tablets of the Law, thrown down
And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.

" They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and mire ;
Taught in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish and the death of fire.

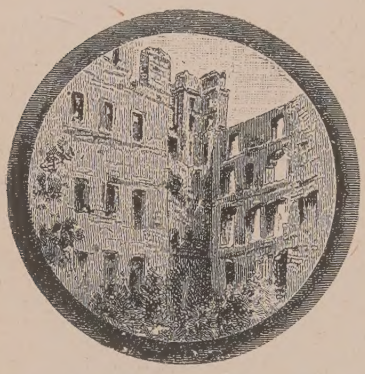
" All their lives long, with the unleavened bread
And bitter herbs of exile and its fears,



ST. MICHAEL'S STREET, PRESBURG.

The wasting famine of the heart they fed,
And slaked its thirst with Marah of their tears.

"Anathema Maranatha! was the cry
That rang from town to town, from street to street;
At every gate the accursed Mordecai!
Was mocked and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet.



RUINS OF PRESBURG CASTLE, HUNGARY.

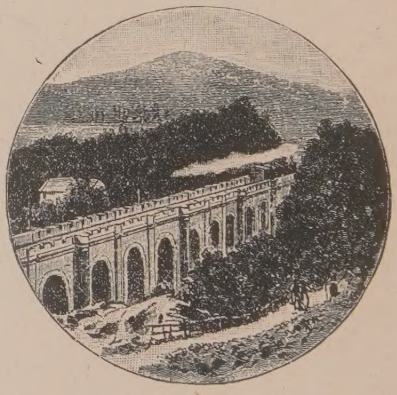
"Pride and humiliation, hand in hand,
Walked with them through the world where'er they went;
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.

"For in the background figures vague and vast
Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime,
And all the great traditions of the Past
They saw reflected in the coming time.

"And thus forever with reverted look
The mystic volume of the world they read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a Legend of the Dead."

I visited the site of Wallenstein's princely palace, and climbed the hill of the Hradschin with its stately cathedral of St. Vitus, unfinished after five hundred years. In the adjacent Burg, or imperial palace, with great stone courts dating from 1484, we see the windows from which Count Thurn caused the imperial counsellors to be thrown to the pavement. This act was the occasion of the Thirty Years' War, which devastated all Central Europe.

I sat down to rest in the quaint cloisters of the quaint Capuchin Monastery and listened to the silver chiming of the bells calling to prayer. On the highest site in the town is the wealthy Abbey of Strahow, with its splendid library of sixty thousand volumes. A tall monk, dressed in a long white garb, courteously exhibited its treasures. He spoke no language that I knew, nor I any that he could understand, except the universal language of the convent, Latin, in which we got along very well. I noticed on the ceiling a very appropriate fresco for a library—an old-fashioned printing-press, with the motto, in Latin, "I press, that I may spread abroad." Among other curious things the good monk showed me was a collection of book-shaped boxes representing the native woods of Bohemia, the back with the bark on, the sides of the polished wood, and within the nuts and leaves. The view from the windows over the many-towered city and winding valley of the Moldau was magnificent.



THE RED BRIDGE, NEAR PRESBURG, HUNGARY.

In the great tower of the Rathhaus, four hundred years old, is a quaint old clock with a procession of apostles and allegorical

ROSENAU, A FRONTIER TOWN AND FORTRESS.

figures of the months, somewhat like the childish figures one sees at Berne, Cologne, and elsewhere. It was a surprise to find the main street of Prague the best lighted I have seen in Europe.

As I wandered over the engirdling hills of Prague, and traced the winding Moldau in its course, the noble lines of Longfellow's "Beleaguered City" haunted my mind:

"I have read, in some old marvellous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of spectres pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

"Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

"But, when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmèd air.

"Down the broad valley, fast and far,
The troubled army fled;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead.

"I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms, vast and wan,
Beleaguer the human soul.

"Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

"And when the solemn and deep church bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

"Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead."

Presburg, thirty-five miles east of Vienna, was for over three hundred years the capital of Hungary, where the coronation of its kings took place, from the capture of Buda by the Turks in 1529 down to 1848. It is most extremely picturesque in situation, either as seen

STREET IN AUSTRIAN TOWN, INNSBRUCK.—WITH FIRE TOWER.

from the swift Danube to the south, or from the Carpathian hills which rise above it. The old walls have been demolished, the moat filled up, and their site converted into beautiful promenades. The Rathhaus, shown in one of our cuts, was begun in 1288, and has many quaint decorations. The cathedral of St. Martin, in which the coronations took place, dates from 1090. In the front is an equestrian statue of St. Martin, thusiastic cry: "Moriamur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresa."

High above the Danube towers the great square castle and the extensive ruins of the royal palace, which was burnt down in 1811. It is a pathetic example of ruined splendour, like the more famous castle of Heidelberg. The empty windows stare like the eyeless sockets of a skull. The terrace and tower command a beautiful view of the vine-clad slopes of the

THE KOSARI TUNNEL AND BRIDGE, HUNGARY.

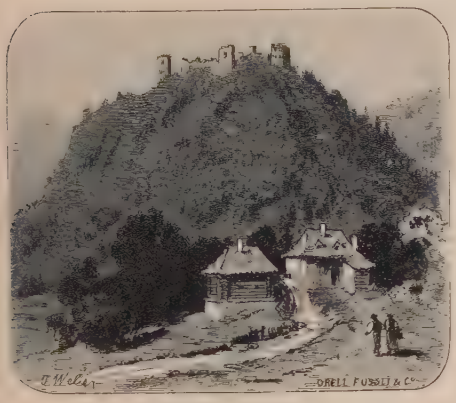
in Hungarian costume, dividing his robe, according to the tradition, with a beggar.

Presburg was a favourite residence of the kings of Hungary, and under the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa reached a high degree of prosperity. It was here that the Hungarian magnates in 1741 greeted the hard-pressed youthful sovereign, who appeared in the hall with the infant Crown Prince in her arms, with the en-

Little Carpathians, with the quaint old mediaeval city at one's feet, and, to the south, the windings of the beautiful blue Danube, on which are strung, like the pearls upon a necklace, the stately cities of Ulm, Vienna, Presburg, Buda-Pest, and Belgrade, till, after a course of eighteen hundred miles, it pours its waters into the Black Sea.

"In Vienna," says the Rev. Dr. Green, "the great sight is the city

itself—a scene of busy life hardly to be surpassed in London or Paris. The general plan of the city is peculiar. The central part is surrounded by a series of broad, open spaces or 'rings,' often planted with trees, answering somewhat to the Parisian boulevards, but wider. These take the place of the ancient fortifications, and are lined in many parts with the most sumptuous edifices, palaces, theatres, public buildings—either complete or in the course of erection. They form a chain of



FRONTIER FORTRESS.

buildings, I should think, unequalled in their style since the brightest days of Greece and Rome. In the city proper, all the main streets radiate from St. Stephen's Cathedral, which with its magnificent South Tower forms the chief architectural glory of Vienna. Nothing can well be conceived more graceful in its proportions than this tower, which rises to the height of four hundred and forty-four feet, in a series of arches and buttresses regularly retreating, and wrought with the finest elaboration."

Much more beautiful, however, is the new votive church, erected in gratitude for the escape of the Emperor Francis Joseph from an attempt upon his life in 1853. I lingered for hours studying the infinite variety of corbel and gargoyle and fretwork of this exquisite church. In Berlin, the chief public buildings are in the cold, monotonous and uninteresting classic style. In Vienna, the magnificent Rathhaus, or City Hall, and its many other buildings, are in the noble Gothic style, so admirably adapted for either ecclesiastical or civil architecture. Of it we can say, as of Cleopatra's beauty, "Age cannot wither or custom stale its infinite variety." The Imperial Museums here are more magnificently housed than any in Europe, except the South Kensington collection in London, and this, though greater in extent, cannot compare in splendour of decoration with those of Vienna. Like the King's Daughter in the Psalms, they are all glorious within in many coloured symbols, golden backgrounds, and allegorical figures, representing the different departments of science, that seemed to float in the sky-tinted vault overhead.

There is an air of bigness about Vienna that I have seen in no other place. The Ringstrasse is the finest boulevard in Europe, and is flanked by some of the most magnificent buildings. The Prater is one of the largest parks. Many of the men and women one sees in the streets are of a very large size. Huge dogs are led in leash by a chain. The dray horses are big animals, and the largest ox I ever saw was one drawing a beer-waggon in Vienna.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapours;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.
—*Longfellow.*

MR. J. W. TYRRELL, IN ESKIMO COSTUME.

ACROSS THE SUB-ARCTICS OF CANADA.*

MR. J. W. TYRRELL.

Concerning the region known as the Barren Lands of sub-Arctic Canada, which Mr. Tyrrell explored in 1893, he says that less was known than of the remotest districts of "Darkest Africa." With but few exceptions, its dreary plains had never been trodden by the foot of man, save that of the dusky savage.

It was left to the Tyrrell brothers to inaugurate a purely Canadian expedition for the exploration of this region, and to bring it to a most satisfactory close. They are young men of honoured Methodist parentage, born in the vicinity of Toronto and educated in Toronto University.

Although still a young man, Joseph Tyrrell has seen eleven years of this sort of service, having covered the country from Lake Winnipeg to the Columbia River, across the Rockies, and from the boundary line as far north as the top of Hudson's Bay; while his brother is known to be no novice, from his having acted as surveyor for Lieutenant Gordon on his recent Hudson's Bay expedition.

In 1892, when he was exploring on Lake Athabasca, he sought to obtain from the Indians some idea of the country to the northward, and they told him of two or three routes that they took to their hunting grounds, skirting the Barren Lands. The Barren Lands had long been a district of mystery to the Government, known only to Indians themselves in a sort of legendary way.

The following year, Mr. J. W. Tyrrell and his brother, J. Burr Tyrrell, of the Canadian Geological Survey, were instructed by the Government to explore this unknown region. The first requisite was to procure suitable canoes and expert canoemen. For the former they chose two eighteen-foot Peterboro' cedar canoes, capable of carrying a ton each, yet weighing only 120 pounds, and a nineteen-foot basswood canoe. For the latter they chose three Prince Albert Indians and three Caughnawaga Iroquois. A complete set of portable mathematical instruments was procured in Toronto, and, leaving his wife and baby boy, five months old, Mr. J. W. Tyrrell

* "Across the Sub-Arctics of Canada. A Journey of 3,200 miles by Canoe and Snowshoe through the Barren Lands. By J. W. Tyrrell, C.E., D.L.S. With Illustrations from photographs taken on the journey, and from drawings by Arthur Heming. Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Octavo, pp. 280. Price, $1.50.

The first edition of this book, one of the handsomest printed by our connexional press, was exhausted within a month, and another edition called for. The illustrations which accompany this article are used by the courtesy of the publisher.

and his brother set forth on their lonely quest.

From Edmonton, four tons of stores were freighted a hundred miles to the Athabasca River, where canoes were launched for their long voyage. For fifteen hundred miles to the Arctic Ocean this great river, excepting its two rapids, is regularly navigated by large Hudson Bay steamers. It is one of the extraordinary features of these northern rivers to see a stern-wheel steamboat puffing its way through these lonely wilds. At the rapids scores of bronzed and busy figures transfer the cargo on tramways over the portage, which in a few hours becomes again an uninhabited wilderness.

MAP SHOWING TERRITORY OF THE TYRRELL EXPLORATION. THE DOTTED LINE SHOWS THE ROUTE.

Mr. Tyrrell's lucid narrative is marked by the keen observation of a trained, scientific eye. He describes in popular language the geological character, vegetation, and fauna of the country. He gives in an appendix a classified list of no less than 233 species of plants found in these Northern wilds. Many of them, however, are dwarf willows, mosses, and lichens.

Nearly three hundred miles north of Edmonton he found the watchful members of the Mounted Police carefully searching the steamboats to detect and confiscate illegal consignments of the white man's "fire-water," which is such a bane to the red man of the wilderness.

Among the strange phenomena of the Athabasca Valley were remarkable tar sand beds extending over an enormous area. The river banks, from three to five hundred feet in height, in warm weather present the appearance of running tar, which is employed for calking the scows on the river. Striking instances of glacial action are also shown, and long sand ridges as level and uniform as a railway embankment. These are attributed to fissures, or splits, in ancient glaciers.

A veritable iron mountain, and that of the most valuable kind, hematite, was found on the banks of the Black Lake, also plenty of wood in the forest to smelt it.

Another strange phenomenon was vast areas of frozen bogs, or glaciers, with the moss still growing on the top, somewhat like the tundras of Siberia.

On Lake Daly, in a severe storm, water-spouts were whirled

up from its billows and carried along in great vertical columns for considerable distances.

The experience of running the rapids on these unknown rivers was very exciting. One of these adventures on the Athabasca is thus described :

"My brother's canoe, steered by old Pierre, being a little in advance of my own, gave me a good opportunity of seeing the fearful race we were running. As we were rounding the bluff, old Pierre suddenly stood up from his seat in the stern, and in another instant we likewise were gazing at what looked like the end of the river. Right before us there extended a perpendicular fall. We had no time for reflection, but keeping straight with the current, and throwing ourselves back in the canoes in order to lighten the bows, we braced ourselves for the plunge, and in a moment were lost to sight in the foaming waters below. But only for an instant. Our light cedars, though partly filled by the foam and spray, rose buoyantly on the waves, and again we breathed freely."

Of course, good time was made on these rapid streams, as much as seventy-two miles in a day.

A PIONEER OF THE NORTH.
(Drawn from life by Arthur Heming.)

We note that the Tyrrell expedition uniformly rested on the Sunday. To this, doubtless, is attributable the sustained health and vigour of the explorers and their ability to endure the hardships and privations of the journey. At Fort Chippewyan, 430 miles north of Edmonton, a fur trading post of

eighteen or twenty log houses, surrounded by a strong stockade, they had the last opportunity for many months of attending divine service, and "were privileged to listen to an excellent sermon preached by Bishop Young."

The labour of transporting their two tons of supplies over steep and rugged portages was very severe. On July 8th they reached the end of previously explored country, and plunged into the unknown wilderness. Reaching the water-shed between Lake Athabasca and Hudson Bay, at an altitude of fifteen hundred feet above the sea, "It seemed to me," writes Mr. Tyrrell, "a most suitable place to leave the emblem of our coun-

SHOOTING THE MOUNTAIN RAPID, ATHABASCA RIVER.

try. I climbed to the top of a tall tree and there nailed securely the flag of Canada."

The progress of the explorers was marked by the names given to lake and river of distinguished members of the Canadian Civil Service, as Lake Selwyn and Lake Daly, also Lake Aberdeen, Lake Schultz, and Lake Lady Marjorie.

As our explorers proceeded, the timber became more scanty, scattered, and stunted in growth, till at last the whole country was a vast rolling, treeless wilderness. Speaking of the physical aspect of this hitherto unknown region, Mr. Tyrrell says:

"I may liken it to the prairie in a measure. It is a rugged, rolling tract of land, speckled over with swamps and occasionally rocky hills. In the whole Barren Lands there isn't wood enough to make a boot peg of, so that, though we were often wet, the luxury of a fire was impossible, and such game as we shot had to be devoured raw.

"The lakes abound with fish, mostly trout and white fish; but here, except for the reindeer, appearances of animal life stop short.

"No birds; no wild fowl, save one or two solitary white partridges—brown at that season; no musk-ox, although their presence might be expected; a few scattered white wolves, that is all, if you except the reindeer. And the big antlered fellows roam supreme in the Barren Lands. Once we saw a herd that fairly hid the earth for a whole three miles; and at the smallest possible calculation there could not have been less than several hundred thousand, feeding there on the damp grass. Only for the deer the party's larder would have failed entirely, as the dried meat constituted the principal diet.

A DIFFICULT PORTAGE.

Of one deer hunt Mr. Tyrrell writes thus:

"Our canoes were headed to leeward of the band, that they might not scent us as we approached the shore. The valley and hillsides for miles appeared to be moving masses of reindeer. To estimate their numbers would be impossible. They could only be reckoned in acres or square miles. At the first shot the whole band—a solid mass of several thousands of deer—was thrown into confusion, and they rushed to

and fro, not knowing which way to flee. After the slaughter of the first day we carried no rifles with us, but armed only with a camera walked to and fro through the herd, causing little more alarm than one would by walking through a herd of cattle in a field." These deer ranged in weight from one hundred to four hundred pounds. During September and October their flesh is equal to the finest beef.

MUSK-OXEN.

The American Government, at

considerable expense, has imported a number of reindeer from Siberia to Alaska for furnishing food and means of transportation to the Indians, but here, in our Canadian territory, are vast herds of them. "As a traveller," says Mr. Tyrrell, "the reindeer is swift and enduring, being capable of hauling from two to three hundred pounds upon a sled, as much as one hundred miles per day. As compared with the dog, it possesses the great advantage of being able to obtain its food by the way. From the skins of the reindeer the Eskimo make almost every article of winter clothing. For this purpose it is most admirably suited, both because of its great warmth and its remarkable lightness."

Leaving Reindeer Camp on August 2nd, in a few days the explorers reached a great lake which was covered, even in midsummer, with ice seven feet thick, except close to shore, where in a narrow channel for a hundred miles they paddled their canoes.

ESKIMO HUNTERS.

Much time was lost in threading the many lakes into which the stream expanded, as it was ever difficult to pick out the particular arm of each which gave egress to the river. Day after day they were beset with storms of sleet

and snow. Not a particle of fuel could be found. Even the dry moss, which they used as a substitute, failed. All the heat they could enjoy was that of a spirit lamp by which they made hot tea.

In addition to these discomforts, they were set upon by a pack of great, gaunt, hungry, gray wolves, which, however, they soon repulsed.

The outlet of this frozen lake is known as the Telzoa River, flowing into Chesterfield Sound. Here traces of musk-ox were found. Soon they came upon camps of Eskimo. Our author gives a very pleasing account of the Eskimo whom he met in his Northern journey. They impress us as gentle, honest, docile, brave, and ingenious people. Their struggle for existence is one continuous battle with frost and snow and Arctic seas. "The home or family circle is, as a rule, a happy one. It is not broken up by the brawling sot, nor is it often the scene of poverty and want—never is this the case while the rest of the community have plenty. All families share alike in times of famine, and in seasons of plenty all rejoice together."

At the beginning of September our adventurers had still 750 miles to travel by canoes to reach Fort Churchill, and, as winter was setting in, every hour was precious. Traversing the long and narrow Chesterfield Inlet, they reached the open water of Hudson Bay. They had food for a little over a week and must press on at any cost. After three days they were beset by storms and chilling rains and heavy seas that nearly swamped their frail barques. Mr. Tyrrell thus describes this experience :

"My brother and I laid down our paddles, and with tin kettles applied ourselves vigorously to bailing out the water. Many times the great tumbling billows seemed as if they would surely roll over us, but our light cedars, though sometimes half-filled with water, were borne up on the crest of the waves. At length we neared the rocky shore, toward which for several hours we had been struggling, but, to our dismay, only to find it skirted by a long line of rocks and shoals, upon which the full fury of the wild sea was breaking. What were we to do ? Without a harbour we would be dashed to pieces upon the rocks—and it was impossible to retreat against the storm. On we were borne by the force of the gale, but thanks to a kind Providence, just as the crisis appeared to have come, a way of escape was discerned. One rock could be seen standing out in advance of the others, and behind this we managed with a supreme effort to guide the canoes. Then, in shallow water, with the force of the seas broken, we all sprang out, and with great exertion succeeded in landing the boats in safety."

This storm continued for two days. All the food they could procure was a small duck and two gulls. Two days later they were again storm-bound by a heavy gale which lasted four days. "We were already much reduced and weakened from the effects of cold and hunger, and the condition of the weather had of late been most disheartening. Churchill, the nearest habitation of man, was still fully three hundred miles distant. We had not one bite of food. The country was covered with snow, the climate piercingly cold. No fuel was to be had, and, worst of all, the weather was such, the greater part of the time, that we were unable to travel. It was difficult to be cheerful under such circumstances, but we kept up courage and pushed on. I confess," says Mr. Tyrrell, "my heart grew sick."

Providentially, a Polar bear was shot, which was speedily devoured to bones and skin. But another terrific storm, accompanied by sleet and snow, lasted five long days, during which they were nearly benumbed with cold and badly poisoned by eating the liver of the Polar bear. It was now a question of life or death. Winter had overtaken them, and ice was forming along the shore.

We quote from an interview reported in the Supplement to The Scientific American:

"Equinoctial gales and head winds prolonged our trip to one of forty days' length. At first

THE LAST OF OUR PROVISIONS.—A GLOOMY OUTLOOK.

continued cold, driving rains brought us misery, and until the frost grew intense we had to sleep every night in our suits of reindeer fur and rabbit-skin blankets, both wet. Although we landed at night time for a camp, it brought no relief, for within 400 miles there was not one stick of wood, and over everything lay eighteen inches of snow. Our provisions had long since given out and there were days when we lacked one bite to eat; on several others we managed to shoot two or three ptarmigan, or a like number of ground squirrels, but divided among eight, to be devoured raw, that could not be called fare any too ample.

"At one time we were two days on the sea at a time. To tell how it happened, I must explain that the tides were a source of perpetual annoyance and danger, rising from fourteen to eighteen feet. When the tide is out it leaves along the bleak and slightly elevated shore a belt of from four to five miles of shallows, dotted closely with massive boulders. To land in safety you thus have to pick your time when the tide is at the highest point; and on the occasion mentioned it was midnight, and snowing into the bargain."

"Eight more dreary days passed," continues Mr. Tyrrell's narrative, "six of which were spent in battling with the elements and two in lying storm-stayed in our tents. During this interval our party suffered much from cold and lack of food, and to make matters worse, dysentery attacked us, and it appeared as if one of our men would die."

Again, for the last time, they took to their boats. With hollow cheeks and greatly enfeebled frames, they struggled on. "Soon the shades of night began to fall about us, our canoes were leaking badly, and the weather was bitterly cold. The hours of that night were the longest I have ever experienced, and the odds seemed to be against us surviving until morning; but at last the day returned and found us still alive. My brother was nearly frozen, having been obliged to sit or lie in icy water all night. Poor little Michel had both of his feet frozen, and the rest of us were badly used up. We must gain the shore or perish. By great exertion we succeeded about one o'clock in reaching solid ice, upon which we were able to land, and, for the last time, haul out our noble little crafts. We had been in them just thirty hours, battling with the ice, exposed to a chilling winter blast, our clothing saturated and frozen, and our bodies faint and numb with starvation and cold.

"By October 16th, we were still thirty miles from Churchill Factory's pretentious array of seven or eight houses, but the ice was forming so fast that progress by canoe was impossible. Every one in the party was very weak from hunger and exposure, but I sent the two strongest Indians on foot south for dog teams. They succeeded in hiring four, and also brought back much needed supplies, so that at length we got our canoes to Churchill in safety, the people being greatly surprised at seeing white men come from higher latitudes than even they inhabit. Here, because the river was not frozen, we had to delay two weeks, although part of this time we were glad of it. My strength gave way a short distance from the factory, I having to be carried in, and the condition of the rest was almost as deplorable from the trials of that trip down the bay. The legs and arms of every one in the party, shortly after getting there, swelled to over twice the natural size; but the kind attention received soon put us right again."

At Fort Churchill our way-worn voyagers received much attention from the officers of the Fort and from the missionary, the Rev. Mr. Lofthouse, and his wife. Here was a substantial church capable of holding three hundred persons, which would do credit to many a village in Ontario, and every nail in it was driven by the missionary's own hands. Five miles from the Fort are the ruins of old Fort Prince of Wales—a hundred years ago a noble fortress, three hundred feet square, with stone walls twenty feet high, thirty

J. BURR TYRRELL.

(Leaving for Churchill.)

feet in thickness at the base, mounting forty-two guns. This was captured in 1782 by La Perouse, a French admiral, with three vessels of war. "Taking possession, they spiked and dismounted the guns, burned the barracks, and sailed away to France with Hearne, his men, and all their valuable furs."

We quote again from The Scientific American the stirring story told much more fully in Mr. Tyrrell's book :

"With one dog team we started for York Factory on November 6th, reaching the Nelson River in a week, but as it was full of floating ice, and we could neither ferry it nor cross on foot, another delay of ten days had to be submitted to, although we were just able to exist on the small game we could shoot. Finally, we crossed in a boat and were warmly welcomed by Dr. Milne, the chief officer at Fort York. On December 7th, we reached Oxford House, 250 miles further in a south-easterly direction, having employed ten days in the walk on snow-shoes alongside the dog team, and, after waiting there a few days for another dog team, we set out for Norway House, and arrived on December 20th. Here with no trouble we secured four dog teams and made the 350-mile trip to Selkirk in the short space of ten days. This long snow-shoe tramp from Churchill to Norway House made a total of about 1,000 miles, which is in itself quite a feat, considering that all the time the thermometer lingered about forty below zero mark. We passed the nights under the open sky, going to sleep beside a fire that generally died before midnight; and our covering consisted of Eskimo clothing and blankets made of rabbit skin. Yet we felt the cold very little and certainly it was an improvement on the coasting voyage, for I myself had already gained forty pounds in weight since leaving Churchill. Concerning the latter I may say that our survey will completely change the shape of the Hudson's Bay shore, as we are the first ever to come down the coast in canoes, and existing maps rely only on the few observations of sailing vessels that have taken a 'sight,' here and there, when lying-to from ten to twenty miles away from shore.

"As regards the main objects of the expedition it was entirely successful; we have proved that, but for what minerals may be found among the very varied rocks of the Barren Lands, it is of small value."

Thus ends the history of the longest trip through entirely unknown portions of the continent undertaken since Sir John Franklin was engaged in his ill-starred Arctic expedition. The total mileage by canoe was 2,200, of which 850 was through new country; the total by snow-shoe travel was 650, and by dog-sled 350.

HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY'S STORE, YORK FACTORY.

KAISER WILLIAM II.*

BY REV. J. C. SEYMOUR.

EMPEROR WILLIAM II. OF GERMANY.

Bismarck once remarked that in estimating the character of a man, he first of all subtracted his vanity. If that principle of computation were applied to the present German Emperor, there would not, in the opinion of many, be much of him left. But that might be as great a mistake as the summing up of a man's character from the first half of his life without waiting for the addition of the latter half.

"A boy! God preserve mother and child," was the message that was flashed to Windsor Castle from Berlin on the afternoon of the 27th of January, 1859. "Is it a fine boy?" telegraphed back her anxious Majesty within the hour. Equal solicitude had been displayed by the crowds of Ber-

* "The German Emperor William II." By Charles Lowe, M.A. New York: Frederick Warne. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

liners who flocked to the palace on hearing the cannon-thunder announcing the birth of the Prince.

"All's well, my children," sang out grim old Field-Marshal Wiangel. "It is as strapping a recruit as one could ever wish for."

Yet, no. For it turned out that the Prince had come into the world with a serious physical imperfection. His left arm was as good as useless.

While still in long clothes, his father showed him one day to a deputation of Berlin citizens. One of the gentlemen took out his watch and began to dangle it before the eyes of the baby, who immediately clutched the chronometer in his tiny fist and held it fast. "Aha," said the Crown Prince, "you see, gentlemen, when a Hohenzollern once gets hold of a thing, he doesn't let go so readily again."

There was plenty to stir the martial nature of the boy during the first eleven or twelve years of his life—and a Hohenzollern without a martial nature would scarcely have been a Hohenzollern at all.

First came the exciting scenes in Italy in 1860, which resulted in the precautionary mobilization of a part of the Prussian army, with the Crown Prince at the head of a division. Then the war with Denmark, the storming of the redoubts of Duppel, and the triumphant procession—with the 100 Danish guns—up the Linden, which little five-year-old "Willy" must have watched from one of the palace windows. Then the Austro-Prussian war, from which his father returned with tales of victory to tell his little eight-year-old son. And, finally, the wonderful panorama of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870, which passed before him in his twelfth year.

His mother resolved that her boy should have an English training, as far as a German prince could be allowed that privilege. So he was sent to a public school, the first of his race who had ever been allowed to go there. He had plenty of playmates, with a liberal number of foreigners, especially British and American. And he had plenty of out-door sports. He soon learned to row, to swim, to skate, to ride, to fence, to shoot. And he excelled in them all. His right arm acquired the strength and utility of two. Lord Ampthill used to say that to shake hands with the Prince was like being in the grip of Gotz von Berlichingen, of the Iron Hand. His American playmate, Mr. Poultney Bigelow, afterwards wrote of him: "After an experience of teaching many hundreds of English boys of the same age, I do not hesitate to say that a more gentlemanly, frank, and natural boy, or a more promising pupil than Prince William it has never been my lot to meet with."

Leaving the Gymnasium, or High School, at Cassels with a silver medal awarded him, as one of the "worthiest and most diligent students" of the year, he went to the University of Bonn. Here he was as good a student as he was a jovial member of the leading "beer-drinking and duelling club" or "corps" of the place. Speaking afterwards, in 1891, at Bonn, respecting these "corps," Kaiser William said: "It is my firm conviction that every youth who enters a corps will receive the true direction of his life from the spirit which prevails in them. I hope that as long as there are German corps-students, the spirit which is fostered in their corps will be preserved, and that you will always take delight in handling the duelling blade."

This was said notwithstanding the German law that duelling was

a crime punishable with detention for three months in a fortress of the Empire.

Prince William was not content with the ordinary curriculum of either the gymnasium or university. He gave himself up to the mastery of the Administrative System of Prussia—added to this, a stiff course of instruction under the Minister of Finance, and sat for many months as the admiring —almost adoring—pupil of both Bismarck and Moltke.

In 1878, he visited the Queen of England, and at the same time found a wife—the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who happened at the time to be on a visit to her uncle, Prince Christian, in London. Speaking at a banquet in Schleswig-Holstein in 1890, Kaiser William said : "The bond that unites me to this province and chains me to it in a manner different from all others of my empire is the jewel that sparkles at my side—her Majesty the Empress. Springing from this soil, the type of the various virtues of a German Princess, it is to her that I owe it, that I am able to meet the severe labours of my office with a happy spirit, and to make head against them."

But tragic scenes were near. His grandfather, now in his ninety-first year, and his father, the Crown Prince, smitten with a mysterious disease, were both hastening to the grave. The old king and his son had differed widely and radically as to what was best in the conduct of German affairs. Frederick was far too English in his notions of constitutional government for either Bismarck or Emperor William—at least so they thought; and in consequence the Crown Prince had been, as a matter of fact, one of the unemployed ever since the wars were over.

The apathy of inaction and the continual consciousness that both he and his wife—the English Princess—were the objects of the most serious distrust, preyed upon his mind. Prince William, whose ideas and aims were entirely Bismarckian, now began a career of bustling energy which stood in marked contrast with the self-effacement of his father. So much so that the Crown Prince, speaking of himself, once said, sadly : "He who is at once the son of so great a father and the father of so gifted a son, may well be regarded as superfluous."

His disease assumed alarming symptoms. The German doctors pronounced it cancer, but it was thought well to secure the additional skill of a first-class specialist from abroad.

Dr. Morell Mackenzie, of London, was selected. Then began the proverbial "differing of the doctors," and a scene of strife and confusion most extraordinary ensued. It was a battle of science, and of politics as well. Frederick's long continued inaction and illness of body had started in his mind the thought of abdication in favour of his son, Prince William, and he had half promised that, on condition that the diagnosis of his disease betokened a fatal ending. The English doctor was suspected of playing into the hands of Frederick's wife, the English Princess, to prevent him doing this.

The young Kaiser's first proclamations were to the army and navy, on the day his father died. But he had already issued an order on that same day, as "warlord," and not half an hour after Frederick the Noble had breathed his last. The multitude of mourners around the palace were roused from their sorrowful reveries by the clatter of horses' hoofs, and on looking up, beheld a squadron of the Hussars of the Guard in their scarlet tunics, rapidly dis-

persing—like the leaves of a fan—to take possession of all points of access to the huge palace area. The young Kaiser had lost not a moment in showing that he was an absolute and irresponsible king in his own castle. Before his mother had recovered from the first transports of her grief, the palace in which her idolized husband had just breathed his last, had been placed in a state of siege by her imperial and imperious son.

Both as German Emperor and King of Prussia, the young ruler received the homage of the nation's representatives, under circumstances of extraordinary magnificence. His words were, on the whole, satisfactory, but "his voice was harsh and jerky, while his delivery was more suggestive of a stern address to a battalion than a gracious alloeution to a body of legislators."

A short time before the old Emperor's death, he had said to young Prince William: "Treat the Emperor of Russia with consideration, for that will only redound to our good." Nobody expected that before the young Kaiser was a month on the throne he would be off for St. Petersburg. Yet so it was. On the 18th of June, 1888, he had formed the central figure in what was one of the saddest pageants of funeral woe in modern times, and on the 19th of July he gaily steamed into Cronstadt as the smiling anticipant of all the official honours that were in store for him—the thundered welcome from fifty Russian ships of war, the gorgeous banquets and health-drinkings at Peterhof, and above all, the grand military parade at Krasnoe Telo.

Within a very short time he had visited Stockholm, Copenhagen, Vienna, Rome. At the latter city he proceeded from the Quirinal to the Vatican. After he had been closeted half an hour with the Pope, his sailor-brother, Prince Henry, made his appearance in the ante-room. The Papal Chamberlain requested that he should wait until the two august potentates had completed their interview. But, no. Count Herbert Bismarck, who was in attendance, blurted out, "A Prussian Prince could never afford to hang about in an ante-room," and at once gave a sharp rap at the door of the papal closet.

"Un moment," pleaded a deprecating voice from within, but in vain. Prince Henry entered, and the interview abruptly ended.

Kaiser William had no idea of hiding the light of his royal prerogatives under a bushel. Culled from his speeches are the following passages: "This kingship, by the grace of God, expresses the fact that we Hohenzollerns accept our crown only from heaven, and are responsible to heaven for the performance of its duties." "There is only one master in this country, and I am he. I shall suffer no other beside me." "I see in the people and land which have descended to me a talent entrusted to me by God, which, as the Bible says, it is my duty to increase, and for which I shall one day have to give an account. I mean with all my strength to trade so with my talent that I hope I shall add many another to it. Those who will help me, be they who they will, I heartily welcome. Those who oppose me, I shall dash in pieces."

He was ready to emphasize these principles on all sorts of occasions. He sent his photograph to one of his ministers, Herr von Gossler, with "Sic volo, sic jubeo," ("This is my will and thus I command") written on the back of it. While in Munich he was asked to write something in the "Golden Book" of the city. He seized a pen and dashed off, "Suprema lex regis voluntas" ("The supreme law is

the will of the king"). But his Majesty was not done with his Latin. Another photograph of the Emperor reached a distinguished minister with the inscription, "Nemo me impune lacessit" ("No one with impunity shall injure me"). One of his ancestors was called "William the Silent." Kaiser William II. will certainly not be known to posterity by that name. He has already spoken as much in public as a half-dozen of monarchs have often done in a lifetime. In spite of Carlyle's dictum that speech is silvern but silence golden, his idea is that "free and frequent utterance is in harmony with the rapid methods of the age, and its wire-hung whispering gallery of a shrunken world." "In all his after-dinner and ceremonial oratory, there is ever a fine manly ring of resolution and of originality, and sometimes it is positively aflame with patriotic fervour. Were his Majesty's speeches always as much distinguished by tact as they are florid with startling imagery and instinct with striking force of character, he might perhaps rank as one of the most effective orators who ever sat upon a throne." Wherever he goes, his visit is not complete without a speech. An irreverent critic, on learning that the Kaiser had travelled some 19,000 miles in a single year, wanted to know what his Majesty's talking mileage had been for the same period!

Frederick the Great was very chary of sitting to a painter, and left but few original portraits of himself. Not so with William II. Not two years had he been on the throne when his portraits and busts might have filled a goodly sized gallery. And then, too, how heroic the attitudes, how magnificent the drapery, and suggestive the setting of all these presentments of his Majesty!

> "Hyperion curls; the front of Jove himself;
> An eye like Mars', to threaten and command;
> A station like the herald Mercury,
> New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill."

The Kaiser's passion for military reviews—as a French wit called it, "defilir-ium tremens," is absorbing. Military manoeuvres and surprises are his favourite pastimes. He delights in taking garrisons unawares. And when his Majesty happens to be around, the troops have learnt the useful art of sleeping with one eye open. He has proved himself an enthusiastic military reformer too.

"In my army," he said, "every soldier shall be lawfully, justly, and worthily treated." Formerly the officers had mainly been recruited from the ranks of the noblesse, but now William II. was willing to accept "nobility of sentiment" as an equivalent for "nobility of birth."

Among other things, he was quick to adopt smokeless powder—he elaborated the use of war-dogs—employed wire-fencing to impede the forward rush of an enemy—introduced armoured turrets on wheels as a kind of movable field-redoubts; simplified the uniform and kit of the soldier; supplied him with a field-tent at once wind, water, and fire-proof; and consented to the reduction of the period of conscript service with the colours, from three to two years.

It is to be observed that Kaiser William is German Emperor, but not the Emperor of Germany—which is a distinction with a difference. The present German constitution recognizes no such official as an Emperor in the absolute sense in which that term has been ordinarily applied, as, for instance, in the case of the First Napoleon. He is simply "primus inter pares" ("First among equals"), among the fellow German sovereigns, and as Imperial

President is the executive officer of their will, as expressed in a majority of their votes.

This fact was clearly brought out when the Duke of Edinburgh succeeded to the throne of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. It was asked both in and out of the British Parliament whether it was possible for an Englishman who had "taken the oath of allegiance to a foreign sovereign (the Emperor) to retain his status as a British subject." It was discovered that no such oath of allegiance was required of Duke Alfred or of any other sovereign within the Germanic Confederation of States—and there are twenty-five in all, including the Free Cities. The title "Emperor" is largely honorary, and for which Prussia alone has to pay, for not one cent additional is drawn from the Imperial Exchequer, although it necessitated three and a half millions of marks to be added to the civil list. The autocratic powers of the Kaiser as "Emperor" are as unreal as his almost absolute powers as King of Prussia are real.

It will be found that the Kaiser's most autocratic utterances were made as King of Prussia, and not as the German Emperor. The Emperor has no veto power over either of the two chambers of the Imperial Parliament—the Reichstag, or National Assembly, and the Bundesrath, or Federal Council of Sovereigns.

One power he does possess independent of Parliamentary majorities—he can appoint his chancellor or Premier and ministry, and they are accountable to him.

It was in connection with the exercise of this power that Kaiser William performed the most daring and momentous act of his reign—the dismissal of Bismarck from office.

A difference arose between the Kaiser and his Chancellor respecting the treatment of the Clericals. The Kaiser heard that Bismarck had granted a private interview to Dr. Windthorst, and he sent his private secretary with a message to the Chancellor saying that he expected the Prince to let him know beforehand when he intended to receive deputies for the purpose of political discussion.

"Tell his Majesty," replied Bismarck, "that I cannot allow anyone to decide who is to cross my own threshold."

This reply brought the Emperor in person. He demanded of the Chancellor what had been the subject of his conversation with the Clerical chief. The Prince replied that he could not subject his intercourse with deputies to any restraint, nor allow any one to control the passage of his door.

"Not even when I, as your sovereign, command you to do so?" cried the Emperor.

"The commands of my sovereign," replied Bismarck with calm disdain, "end at the drawing-room of my wife." He added that he only remained in office in conformity with a promise he had made to the old Emperor to serve his grandson, but that he was now quite willing to retire if his continuance in office was inconvenient to his Majesty. Bismarck had often used that threat with the old Emperor, and it had always succeeded—but it failed this time. To the unutterable astonishment and dismay of Bismarck, the Kaiser peremptorily demanded his resignation and would brook no delay until he sent it in.

Bismarck retired to his home in Friedrichsruh, treated, as he said, to "a first-class funeral." But he proved to be an extremely "lively corpse." Kaiser William and ex-Kaiser Bismarck kept all Germany in a ferment of excitement for two whole years.

But the "lover's quarrel" at last came to an end. And it was time. The cries of "Hi Bismarck!" "Hi Kaiser!" sounded in the Kaiser's ears too ominously like the old cries of "Guelph" and "Ghibelline," and he himself made the first advances. When the tide of his displeasure at last turned, it began to flow towards Friedrichsruh in an overwhelming volume of favour. Between boycotting Bismarck and treating him like a fellow-sovereign he knew no mean. He resembled Dr. Johnson, who claimed the liberty of abusing Boswell to his heart's content, but would allow no one else to do it.

The Kaiser is a soldier by the most enthusiastic profession, and he is equally enthusiastic as a professed "peace-maker." It is in this latter capacity, he says, he has undertaken his many journeys —for this he has cultivated the friendship of all the courts in Europe, and for this he comes again and again to the German Parliament for large increases in the estimates for the army and the navy. Of course the stronger the army the less likelihood of attack —the stronger the navy, the more securely will German colonization and commerce advance in all parts of the world. Besides all this, the "finely-tempered instrument," as the old Emperor used to call the army, has two edges, one for the foreign enemy and another for the "social democratic" enemy at home, an enemy which has been advancing by leaps and bounds.

Respecting the Kaiser's feelings towards the nation of his illustrious grandmother, a recent French writer relates that on one occasion, when surrounded by his officers, the Emperor's nose began to bleed. "Oh, never mind," he said, "it is only the last drops of English blood passing off."

But Kaiser William has posed as an ardent social reformer at home, and also as a very pronounced intermeddler in foreign affairs; as witness his famous congratulatory telegram to President Kruger, of the Transvaal, and his effusive sympathy with the "Great Assassin," the Sultan of Turkey.

Kaiser William II. is certainly a remarkable man, and as certain is it that his short reign has not proved highly satisfactory to Germany—the Germans themselves being judges.

A late editorial in an American newspaper, the Nashville Christian Advocate, says: "All observers agree that political unrest in Germany is now reaching a dangerous pitch. Voice to this discontent has been given by Prof. Reinhold, recently appointed by Imperial authority to the Chair of Economics in the University of Berlin. 'Things have come to such a pass,' says he, 'that almost everybody in Germany belongs to the Opposition.' Referring particularly to the disaffection in Bavaria, Wurtemburg and Baden, Prof. Reinhold had the hardihood to say: 'Real Conservatives in South Germany are frequently heard to say that it was stupid to kick Austria out of the German Bund —Austria, whose absolutist system was at least patriarchal and good-natured—Austria, who was liked by everybody—and to exchange that despotism for another equally absolutist regime, but with the difference that the modern Prussian feudalism is simply unbearable, and its representatives personally insolent.'

"This discontent encourages the growth of Social Democracy, and the Liberals, too, are beginning to bestir themselves. Their leader in Northern Germany, Herr Richter, recently united with the almost revolting South Germany in a meeting at Nuremberg—the choice of which place was pecu-

liarly significant, as was explained by one of the speakers, Herr Schmidt, a member of the Reichstag. He said: 'Nuremberg showed some centuries ago how vengeance is taken upon robber barons. In that good fight it was not the peasant but the lord who was crushed to powder. In the city hall—where lately banqueted a company of princes—one reads the inscription—"Suprema lex salus populi." Let us adopt this motto, for the Council of Nuremberg, which placed it there, was itself also an authority by Divine right.'"

Paisley, Ont.

A NEW KIND OF GOSPEL.—The departure of Prince Henry of Prussia from Kiel as commander of a warship for the Chinese expedition was made the occasion of two extraordinary speeches by the Emperor William and his brother. The Emperor, of course, magnified his office as War Lord, but Prince Henry's speech was one of fulsome adulation more like that addressed to the Byzantine emperors by the sycophants of their court than like the speech of one brother to another.

Prince Henry said: "Most serene Emperor, most powerful King and Lord, illustrious brother . . . . To your Majesty the Imperial crown came with thorns. . . . . I am only animated by one desire, to proclaim and preach abroad to all who will hear, as well as to those who will not hear, the gospel of your Majesty's consecrated person. . . . . Let the cry resound far out into the world: 'Our most serene, mighty, beloved Emperor, King and master forever and ever.'"

London Truth says, "Cervantes never penned anything so ridiculous as the speeches of the German heroes at Kiel. Sancho Panza and Don Quixote never were so absurdly silly."

The *Independent* compares this to the sycophants of Herod crying, "It is the voice of a god and not of a man."

Yet Prince Henry had to get coal for his ship at half-a-dozen British coaling stations on his way to China.—ED.

NIGHTFALL ON PUGET SOUND.

BY EZRA HURLBURT STAFFORD.

There is a mist and murmur on the coast,
And o'er the islands on the ocean's brim,
The slow sun, wheeling to the uttermost,
Sinks underneath the water's golden rim;
And here, encircled by the hills around,
Forever roll the waves of Puget Sound.

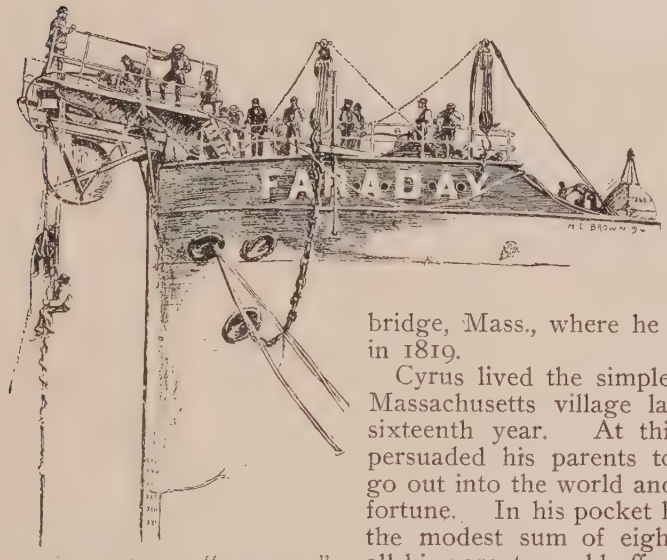
There is a shouting of Greek fishermen,
A distant creaking of the tightened sail,
As all the fishing craft come home again,
Cleaving behind a phosphorescent trail;
While to the sea-drenched gunwales, heaping high,
The smelt and crab and silver salmon lie.

The winding forest shores grow dark and still,
But where some city, with its evening lights,
Shines in new splendour from a sheltered hill:
And here in noiseless, solitary flights,
The gulls above the slow-bared tide-flats wheel,
And on Sea's carrion, find an evening meal.

Faint specks from point to point the eye pursues,
They take along the lonely shore their track;
It is a fleet of Indian canoes,
With totems painted upon prows of black;
And there are whaling ships as well as these,
From the Yukon and the Alaskan seas.

CYRUS FIELD AND THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

BY HELOISE DUPUIS TAYLOR.



THE STERN OF THE "FARADAY," SHOWING THE STERN-BAULKS —THE APPARATUS FOR LOWERING THE CABLE INTO THE SEA CLEAR OF THE PROPELLER.

I.

Whenever any great enterprise is to be undertaken, God chooses as the instrument of its achievement some man of sterling integrity, of indomitable will, and unbounded enthusiasm. So when there arose the question of quicker word transit between the Old World and the New, God laid his hand on Cyrus W. Field, and said, as Nathan of old said unto David: "Thou art the man" to undertake this work. As we read his life, it would seem that the early part of it was but a preparation for this great work. Like the greater majority of the men who have left their impress on the history of the world, Cyrus W. Field came from humble circumstances. His father was the Congregational minister in Stockbridge, Mass., where he was born in 1819.

Cyrus lived the simple life of a Massachusetts village lad till his sixteenth year. At this age he persuaded his parents to let him go out into the world and seek his fortune. In his pocket he carried the modest sum of eight dollars, all his parents could afford to give him, but behind that he had the capital of a strong heart, filled with good principle, and a mother's prayers to follow him whithersoever he should go.

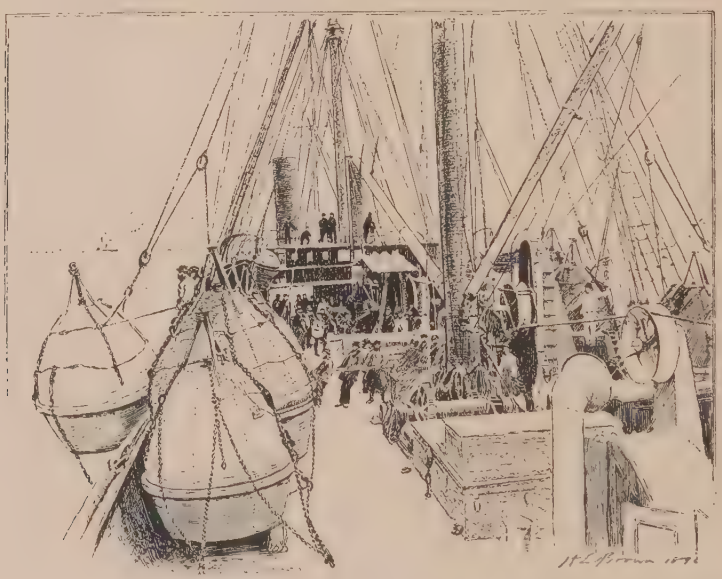
His first situation was in A. T. Stewart's store in New York, at the small salary of fifty dollars a year, to be doubled for the second year. Here he speedily became a favourite, and it was much to the regret of his employers and fellow-clerks that he severed his connection with the firm in 1838 to go to serve as a book-keeper for his brother, Matthew. Five years after leaving home, in 1840, he became junior partner in the firm of E. Root & Co., paper manufacturers, and in the same year, at the early age of twenty-one, he took to himself another and a better partner in the person of Miss Mary B. Stone.

His first business venture is not among the successes of his life, for it was only six months after he

joined the firm that it failed with large liabilities. Field, though but junior partner, assumed the burden of the debt, and in time, although bound by no legal obligations, paid it all off.

Three years after this, taking his brother-in-law with him, he formed the firm of Cyrus W. Field & Co. When he began he was all but penniless, the little he possessed had gone to pay the debts of the old company, but nine years found him owing no man, and with his friend, F. Church, the distinguished landscape painter. From this voyage he hurried home in order to attend the golden wedding of his parents.

At this time, Engineer F. N. Gisborne, who had failed in an attempt to complete telegraphic communications between Newfoundland and New York, because of lack of funds—the subscribers having refused to meet the demands made upon them—was in New York looking for aid from



VIEW OF THE DECK OF THE "FARADAY," LOOKING TOWARD THE STERN, WITH MOORING BUOYS TO THE LEFT.

worth over $250,000, a great fortune in those days, the result of hard work, and the ambition to become a successful merchant.

In 1853 he retired, after leaving his name at the head of the firm, and in it a capital of $100,000, with the understanding that he was to be in very truth "a sleeping partner."

His first holiday was spent in taking a long journey to Central and South America in company some of his friends. Weary and disappointed, and utterly discouraged, he ran across engineer Matthew D. Field, to whom he told his story. Matthew listened, repeated the story to his brother Cyrus, who consented to hear what Gisborne had to say for himself and his scheme. One evening, after he had shown Mr. Gisborne out, he returned to the library and stood turning a globe which they had been studying to-

gether, when like a flash the thought came to him, "Why not go farther. Why not span the Atlantic."

With him to think was to do, so the next morning's mail carried letters of inquiry to Lieut. Maury, at Washington, and Prof. Morse, at Poughkeepsie, while he consulted at home with his brother David, and his neighbour, Peter Cooper.

Two questions had to be solved ere such an enterprise could be undertaken: the feasibility of laying a cable of such length (The longest cable that had heretofore been laid was that between England and Holland, and one had never been laid in water one hundred fathoms deep), and if laid, its capability for transmitting messages. The first question involved the overcoming of mechanical difficulties, such as the varying depths of the ocean, and the obstacles of winds and currents. The second question was purely scientific and related to the laws of electricity.

Prof. Morse entered into a detailed explanation of the laws of electricity as applied to telegraphy, and assured Field of his entire faith in the project. With this encouragement, Cyrus W. Field set out on his audacious experiment.

Well was it that a kind Providence veiled from him the heavy burdens, the long delays, and the many discouragements that would be ere success would crown his efforts.

As was his wont, Cyrus Field had his plans all laid ere he went to work. He purposed enlisting ten gentlemen of wealth, who could, if needful, lift a pretty heavy load. He found five sufficient. The first of the number was Peter Cooper, whose gift to New York, the massive building consecrated to science and art, is his best monument. The second name was that of Moses Taylor, a well-known capitalist of the day. Of their first interview Mr. Field says: "I shall never forget how Mr. Taylor received me. He fixed on me his keen eye, as if he would look through me. And then, sitting down, he listened to me for nearly an hour without saying a word. He listened, then consented to a conditional arrangement. Then Mr. Marshall O. Roberts and Mr. Chandler White caught the spirit of enthusiasm and joined the circle. The five met, formed themselves into a company, and agreed to enter on the undertaking if the Government of Newfoundland would grant favourable terms and a new charter. These were granted. The new charter bore the title of "The New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraphic Company," the very name showing how much broader it was than the old one. It was one morning early, at the home of David D. Field, and in the short time of fifteen minutes, that the charter was accepted, the stock subscribed, and the officers chosen.

It was with a heavy heart and full hands that Mr. Field went to the work. His partner's death threw the business again in his hands, and then the death of his son was a sad blow, but he hesitated not. In January, 1855, Cyrus W. Field sailed for England to order the cable which was to connect Capes Ray and Breton.

Newfoundland is not unlike Scotland, with its rock and moss-covered surface, its interior lakes and lofty mountains. Its climate, not any more inhospitable than that of Old Scotia, needs but a population of the same hardy race, inured to toil, to make its hillsides as green and beautiful as the loveliest of Scottish glens. Nothing daunted this new company. They set to work with a strong will and earnest resolutions to accomplish the work.

Gisborne had finished some thirty or forty miles of telegraph out of St. John, but the new company had to begin at the hardest point. Matthew Field, as practical engineer, had charge of the construction, and brought without delay his company of six hundred men to the scene of action. Then came the question of supply. For this purpose small boats were used, and as they unloaded their freight of food and implements, it was carried inland, for the most part on the backs of men. The army, for such it really seemed, moved from place to place in a great camp, the men sheltering themselves in rudely built huts or tents. In spite of storm and wind, however, through summer days and autumn storms the work went on, but the winter season, with the sufferings it brought, is a page in the history of telegraphy which cannot be paralleled.

The company expected to be able to reach across Newfoundland in a year's time, and Mr. Field was sent to England, little thinking to how many voyages this was the prelude. John Bright calls him "The Columbus of our time, who, after no less than forty voyages across the Atlantic in pursuit of the great aim of his life, at length by his cable moored the New World alongside the Old."

In August, 1855, was the first trial of cable laying in America. Never did expedition set out under clearer skies or fairer auspices to end in disappointment and disaster. All went well till the expedition was about half-way across the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Then a sudden gale arose, so that in order to save the vessels the cable had to be cut. Among other things, this first trial taught them that a sailing vessel was not the style of ship from which to lay a cable. It needed something that would be self-propelling, and that would move steadily in spite of wind and wave. This loss, besides being a sad disappointment, delayed the work of the company for a year, and it was not until the next August that with no display whatever the cable connecting Cape Breton and Newfoundland was successfully laid and remained in perfect working order for nine years.

After untold hardships and toil, a system of telegraphy ran from end to end of Newfoundland, through Cape Breton, connecting with New York. When Field's own countrymen failed him, England furnished anew, men, money and ships for the furthering of the great effort. And when history tells how the Atlantic telegraph is of American inception, and how the moving spirit of the whole enterprise was an American, it will also record that it was the science and seamanship, the undaunted courage and capital of England that brought it to its successful termination. It will tell how Englishmen and Americans worked side by side for the weal of the two nations and of the world.

Poets sing to us of the silent sea, the beauty of ocean's caves, and the rolling deep, but this is not practical enough for men of science. They must know whether the ocean bed was a level plain, or undulating fields of rock and sand, whether it consisted of a series of chasms separating hills and mountains and whether the ocean currents reached to the bottom of the deep. All this had to be determined before a cable could be laid to rest beneath the blue sea. In order to do this there must be an examination of the bottom of the sea. To Lieutenant Maury the world owes the means of finding out what is at the bottom of the sea. He used a simple instrument, a long line, at the end of which is a clasp something like

the tip of an elephant's trunk, which picks up the debris from the floor of the deep. By means of this instrument they found that the ocean's floor was carpeted with the softest of materials. On close inspection they found it to be composed, not of clay or mud, but of sea-shells, discoverable only by the aid of the microscope. It was a veritable cemetery of corallines, that age after age had fallen, fallen, fallen to the soft bed of the ocean. The fact that they were unbroken was proof positive that the ocean currents did not reach to those fathomless depths. On that soft couch could rest, undisturbed and far from harm, the great nerve that was to join two worlds, "whispering the thoughts of successive generations of men till the sea should give up its dead."

Now arose the question of a perfect insulator. Only a few years before there had been found in the forests of the Malayan Archipelago a substance till then unknown, and which answered the new demand. So Nature, in gutta-percha, added her quota to the list, by giving the one thing needful to insulate the electric wire.

One day, Mr. Field and Mr. Brunel, builder of the Great Eastern, were in conversation. Mr. Brunel, pointing to the huge hulk rising before them, said: "There is the ship to lay the Atlantic cable," little thinking that ten years afterward the Great Eastern would be the ship from which the cable would be successfully laid. The last time the writer saw this huge leviathan, she was lying outside the docks at Liverpool, and she was informed that the great ship was being rented for purposes of dancing parties and assemblies. So are the mighty fallen!

The British Government was very liberal in its dealings with the company, and it was hoped and expected that the American authorities would prove equally liberal, but much to the chagrin of Mr. Field and the company, the passage of the Telegraph Bill through Congress met with great opposition. Some seemed to think that a cable between the two countries meant, as one man put it, that "England was literally crawling under the seas to gain some advantage over the United States."

Before the cable was complete, it became entangled in many a kink and knot, but none that seemed so crooked and perverse as the one in which it was twisted by the hands of the politicians. Finally, however, the Bill was passed by the majority of one, and was signed and thereby made law by President Pierce the day before he gave up the keys of the White House. Thus fortified, and with capital raised in New York and London, and with the navy of Great Britain and of the United States at his command, for the American Government made up in after days for its early ungraciousness, Cyrus W. Field started out to bring his great enterprise to an end, to link together the two countries in an iron band of peace.

The American ship Niagara, with the Susquehanna as consort, crossed to join the Agamemnon and Gorgon, for the carrying of the cable. The desired combination of strength and flexibility having been obtained, the cable was ordered, and coiled on the good ships Niagara and Agamemnon.

The word of command was given. As the representative boats of the two great nations approached, the English sailors broke out in ringing cheers, which were taken up and lustily re-echoed by their cousins of the American ships, as they sailed side by side on their errand of love and peace.

At Queenstown the electricians

were kept busy testing the cable, but found no flaw. And here arose the question whether to attach the cable to the shore and join it in mid-ocean, or to sail together to the central point, and then proceed toward shore. The electricians favoured the former way, the engineers the latter. The electric men won the day, but it was the engineers' plan that finally succeeded.

As the ships proceeded on their way, they were to send daily messages to Valentia Harbour. One ship was to carry the cable to mid-ocean, there to join and leave it in charge of the other ship.

That first night at sea no eye slept. All were too intent watching the result of the experiment. "There was a feeling in every soul on board, as if some dear friend were at the turning point of death or life, and they were watching beside him." They spoke in whispers, they walked lightly as if they feared the slightest jar would disturb the life that seemed so fragile, would snap the vital cord. The murmur of the paying-out machine was music to their ears, each murmur being a cry of "All's well."

What an exciting voyage that was! How many the alarms that came like shadows in the night. Once, when the cable, through some defect in the machinery, slipped from the wheel, they held their breaths, fearing that all was lost. Another time, when the electrical continuity ceased, though the cable was unbroken, every heart stood still. After many trials, even the electricians gave it up, and they were about to cut the cable, when, as suddenly as it had ceased to throb —life returned. Prof. Morse was of the opinion that the gutta-percha had been strained in paying out, but as it reached the floor of the ocean the strain or parting had closed, and the electricity had become again encased with a perfect protector.

The good news travelled fast. The feelings of the crew were voiced in the remarks of one poor sailor, who said that he would have given fifty dollars of his wages to have saved the cable; for they spoke of it and looked upon it as they would upon a favourite child. Their relief, when the current returned, was unspeakable. Their spirits rose. But their joy was of short duration.

They were watching anxiously, and as the machine continued to work smoothly, some of the crew ventured to snatch a little sleep, but were rudely wakened to learn that all was over. The brakes of the machinery had been so firmly applied that the strain on the cable was too heavy, and the tightly held cable parted. A wail went through the ship, the engines were stopped, and all gathered on deck, as if assembled to attend the funeral of some dear departed friend. Unbidden tears rose to many a manly eye, and all through the day the ship was like a house from which a loved one had forever gone. There was nothing to do but turn about and sail for England.

This failure, in place of discouraging Mr. Field, seemed but to spur him on to greater effort.

Writing to a friend he says: "Do not think that I feel discouraged, or am in low spirits, for I am not."

After meeting the directors of the company, and finding them willing to go on with the work, but forced to delay the expedition for a year, Mr. Field returned to America to find that "misfortunes never come singly," a commercial hurricane had passed over the country, and his wealth had been all but swept away. It was a year of disaster by sea and land, and all his hopes and work were,

"In the bosom of the deep ocean buried."

THE REV. W. L. WATKINSON.

BY THE REV. W. HARRISON.

THE REV. WILLIAM L. WATKINSON.

In more respects than one the Rev. W. L. Watkinson, President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, England, for 1897, is a man of very special qualifications and character. Few men in the modern Methodist world have risen so rapidly to positions of commanding distinction and have won a popularity so extensive, genuine, and influential as the present chief officer of British Methodism.

Mr. Watkinson is the son of typical Yorkshire Methodists, and was born in Hull in the year 1838.

His father, though poor, was a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and had he been privileged with educational advantages, would himself have been a scholar. To him, the subject of this sketch is largely indebted for his intense and life-long love of books. His mother was a woman of strong religious convictions, and often, after the class-meetings which were held in their cottage home, the boy listened to wonderful stories about Richard Watson and the other great men of early Methodism. It is said that his mother also possessed the gift of

humour in no small degree, so that from both there came to him force of character, sturdy independence, a fine vein of wit, and a profound and passionate love for everything distinctly Methodist.

Living under such strong and benign influences, it is no wonder that at an early age he became a member of the Wesleyan Church, and a teacher in the Sunday-school. When he was eighteen years of age he became a local preacher. From the beginning there was something far above the mere commonplace in his public addresses, the promise of future success and distinction appeared. His ability, both in pulpit and on platform, was at once acknowledged. About two years later he became a candidate for the regular work of the ministry, and those who heard him were not slow in predicting a brilliant future.

His extreme delicacy of constitution was the formidable obstacle which now confronted him, and which, in the estimation of his mother, would never stand the wear and tear of a Methodist preacher's life.

When he was proposed at the Quarterly Meeting, there was unusual hesitation because the young man was unknown to a number of the members of the Board, and some of them had never heard him preach, and so they declined to vote. The superintendent of the circuit was supremely anxious not to lose a young man of such ability, and, desirous that all should vote, took the exceptional course of adjourning the meeting and appointing a service when his candidate should preach.

In this trying ordeal young Watkinson was wonderfully helped. He, who already knew what difficulty and exhausting labour were, for at the tender age of twelve years he had gone out to work for two shillings per week, who had received only the slenderest education, and who had had to push his way in the face of poor health, was not likely to lose heart or hope under the keen scrutiny of the men, who, for the moment, held his destiny in their hands. The trial sermon was a pronounced success, every man of the Quarterly Meeting was charmed. At the adjourned meeting the vote for his acceptance and recommendation was unanimous.

But Mr. Watkinson's difficulties were not yet ended, for the London examinations still awaited him, and it was doubtful what results the coming trials would bring. His preaching once more carried him triumphantly through the first stages of the severe ordeal. At the close of the sermon, the London minister who was appointed to hear him preach, went up to the young man and somewhat incredulously said :

" Was that sermon your own, Mr. Watkinson ?"

" Certainly, sir."

" Of course, you were helped by somebody in making it."

" I had no help at all."

" Well, you have preached it, no doubt, over and over again ?"

" No, sir, I never preached it before."

He stood the oral examination well; that he was a reader and thinker was apparent to all, and this feature made greatly in his favour.

But still the old difficulty remained. There he stood, tall, slim, frail. His case was at once referred to a specialist for examination, and once more he was within the grip of a trial that might yet deprive Methodism of one of her most brilliant sons. Over the doctor's mantel-shelf hung an engraving of Richard Watson, the preacher who, among other distinctions, was six feet

four inches in length. The doctor sat at a table with his back to the portrait. The Yorkshire youth stood facing the picture.

"You are too long," remarked the doctor, "to be good for anything."

Instantly came the reply,

"Doctor, was he (pointing to the portrait) too long for anything?" His wit saved him.

He was finally accepted by the Conference, and at his own request put down for missionary work in India. The doctors, however, absolutely refused to pass him for a climate so dangerous. After spending six weeks, in the autumn of 1858, at Richmond College, (and this was all the college training he ever received), he was called out because of special demand for men, and appointed to a circuit. His recollections of kindness and inspirations received during that brief period have always been cherished by Mr. Watkinson among the best treasures of his life.

The way was now open for the development of the real man, and quickly did this son of humble toil grow in the recognition and esteem of the church he loved so well.

For the first year or so his chief business was the making of new sermons, and soon his reputation as a preacher was far above the ordinary. His mother, however, after reading one of his published sermons, was convinced that her son must be saved from conceit, and sent him the following criticism: "I have read your sermon many times, and am just beginning to get an inkling of its meaning." "As a matter of fact," says one who has read this early production, "this sermon, with slight touches of the editorial pen, would not to-day discredit the pages of The Magazine."

His circuits in succession have been Stratford-on-Avon, Oldbury, Hinckley, Tipton, Wednesbury, Nottingham, London, Harrogate, and Manchester. During the years represented by these appointments he has been a most diligent student and a man of growing power. At present Mr. Watkinson is supreme among modern Methodist preachers. His texts, as a rule, are unusual, but in his hands they flash with new, but not fanciful or far-fetched meanings and applications. His language is expressive and beautiful, his illustrations exceedingly striking and appropriate, and by a very general consent he is recognized as one of the masters of the pulpit and platform of the present day. Wherever he goes, in Methodism or outside, he commands admiring audiences and an appreciation so genuine and enthusiastic as few men enjoy.

In addition to his wide, firm grasp of current affairs, his deep insight into the grand verities of Christianity, his acquaintance with the latest discoveries in science, the positions of philosophical investigation, the intellectual and moral drift of the century and his familiarity with the best literature of the time, Mr. Watkinson also possesses a genuine, wholesome humour which serves him well. This is with him a special and attractive gift, and with the finest judgment he uses this delightful, but perilous gift. It gleams and flashes in nearly every public effort, whether in lecture, sermon or address.

In 1883 Mr. Watkinson was elected to the Legal Hundred, and on the retirement of the venerable Dr. Gregory, in 1893, he was chosen as the Connexional Editor. By his distinct ability in his new sphere he has fully justified his appointment to this important office. He has transformed The

Monthly Magazine and in matter and appearance has greatly modernized and improved it.

His published works so far are, "The Transfigured Sackcloth, and Other Sermons," "Noonday Addresses," delivered in the Central Hall, Manchester, and in the Philosophical Hall, Leeds (two volumes); "Mistaken Signs," "The Beginnings of the Christian Life," "The Programme of Life," and his lecture on "The Influence of Scepticism on Character." In all of the above books there is displayed the hand of the master in the discussion of the great themes which he has undertaken. Few more valuable and suggestive publications can come into the study of the preacher than these, and it is no surprise that a number of his sermons have been included in "The Preachers of the Age" series.

In 1896 Mr. Watkinson was appointed by the Conference as its representative to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States.

His fame as a public speaker and preacher soon spread, and the demand for his services was something extraordinary. Dr. Hugh Johnston, speaking in the English Conference in August last, referred to the distinguished representatives who had in past years visited the United States, spoke of the subject of this notice as "the unique Watkinson, who could not only upset the gravity of their venerable bishops by his polished shafts of English humour, but charmed the whole church with his marvellous splendour of thought and diction." His visit to Toronto will long be a delightful memory.

In July of last year, by the largest vote ever cast in the history of the Conference, Mr. Watkinson was elected to the Presidential chair, and through all the trying days of a busy Conference, and all the public occasions of that chief gathering of British Methodism, acquitted himself in a manner which fully justified his brethren in the choice they had made.

We close our article with an outside estimate of Mr. Watkinson's gifts and peculiar power. It recently appeared in The Westminster Gazette, the writer signing himself "A Churchman":

"Mr. Watkinson is a pleasant but by not means a frequent speaker. Men lean forward to catch his words. His eloquence is unadorned. There are no prepared periods, no oratorical tricks. Some of his speeches are magnificent in argument and illustration, and he is not destitute of the Pauline gift of sarcasm. I once heard Archbishop Thomson and Bishop Fraser discuss one of his speeches, and they both agreed that he was powerful largely because he was not always speaking. He believes in Methodism as a great spiritual force, and he foresees a great future for it. His contention is that the problems before the world are in their essence not political, but spiritual. The world will hear more of Mr. Watkinson, if I am not mistaken, and that as a builder-up, and not as one who would pull down."

THE LESSER MINISTRIES.

A flower upon my threshold laid,
A little kindness wrought unseen:
I know not who love's tribute paid,
I only know that it has made
Life's pathway smooth, life's borders green.

God bless the gracious hands that e'er
Such tender ministries essay;
Dear hands that help the pilgrim bear
His load of weariness and care
More bravely up the toilsome way.

Oh, what a little thing can turn
A heavy heart from sighs to song!
A smile can make the world less stern;
A word can cause the soul to burn
With glow of heaven all night long!

It needs not that love's gift be great—
Some splendid jewel of the soul
For which a king might supplicate.
Nay! true love's least, at love's true rate,
Is tithe most royal of the whole.

THE EXPERIMENTAL FARMS OF CANADA.*

BY PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

The sharp distinction which some time ago used to be drawn between pure science and science applied to the increase of man's productive powers is rapidly disappearing. On the one side, those who devote themselves to the discovery of the laws of nature look no longer with disdain upon the industrial and agricultural arts; and on the other side, those who work in these last domains are also rapidly changing their old methods, and what was formerly considered as an "art" rapidly becomes "science" nowadays.

These ideas pressed themselves upon my mind as I visited last summer the experimental farms of Canada, mostly in company with the director of these farms, Dr. William Saunders, who was unwearied in discussing in all details the methods of the experiments which are carried on under his guidance. A modern experimental farm is, in reality, an open-air laboratory for experimental researches into the physiology of plants; its work is scientific work, which loses nothing of its value from its ultimate object being an increase of man's powers over nature.

The experimental farms of Canada, which were founded only ten years ago, are not scattered over the territory in a haphazard way; each of them, on the contrary, represents a sum of conditions of climate and soil which is typical for some large division of the Dominion. The Central Farm at Ottawa is typical for a wide region embracing East Ontario and West Quebec. The farm at Nappan, in Nova Scotia, is intended to represent agriculture in the three maritime provinces of the Atlantic border. The farm at Agassiz, located at the bottom and on the slopes of a beautiful valley of the Coast Range, some forty miles east of Vancouver, represents the wet and warm climate of Southern British Columbia; while the two prairie farms at Indian Head, in the Northwest Territory of Assiniboia, and at Brandon, in the midst of the wheat belt of Southern Manitoba, represent the two main divisions of the prairies where an extensive dryness does not prevent agriculture from taking a colossal development. Finally, the agricultural college at Guelph, with the experimental farm attached to it—both maintained by the Province of Ontario—is situated amidst the garden of Canada, i.e., in the peninsula which stretches southwestward between Lake Huron and the Lakes of Erie and Ontario, where mixed farming of an intensive character is carried on, and where grapes, peaches, and

* Prince Kropotkin is a distinguished Russian scientist. In his earlier years he took a somewhat prominent part in Liberal politics, and, as a natural result, found himself for a considerable time an inmate of a Russian prison. On his release he found the pursuit of science a much less dangerous employment. He was one of the most distinguished visitors to Canada at the time of the late meeting of the British Association, and subsequently made an extensive tour through the country, visiting especially the experimental farms throughout the Dominion, in company with Dr. Saunders, of Ottawa. It is gratifying to note Prince Kropotkin's tribute to the greater advancement of Canada in respect to such farms than that of most of the countries of Europe. This interesting article is quoted from *The Nineteenth Century*.

pears are cultivated to a great extent.*

The work which is done at the five experimental farms belongs entirely to the domain of experimental science, and it is carried on, on purely scientific lines, by a small staff consisting of the director, the superintendents of the farms, the horticulturist, the entomologist and botanist, the chemist, and the foreman of forestry. Their chief efforts are directed to ascertain which varieties of wheat, oats, barley, peas, etc., yield the best crops under the conditions of climate, soil, and exposure that prevail in each separate region. For this purpose several hundreds of varieties of cereals, peas, and fodder crops are grown every year on plots of the size of one-tenth and one-twentieth of an acre, and each of them is harvested, threshed, and weighed separately, so as to ascertain the yields in different conditions of climate (which vary considerably from one year to another), position, exposure to or protection from the wind, and treatment of the soil. One can easily imagine what an immense and valuable material is thus accumulated, and to what account it may be turned by the botanist who would devote his attention to this subject.

DEVELOPING HARDY CEREALS.

To find out which variety of cereals and fodder-grasses is best suitable for the climate of each province is by no means an easy task, because the climate of Canada offers certain special difficulties. The winters in Central Canada are very cold as a rule; but plants, as is known, suffer but little from the cold of the winter. The trying period comes in the spring. Early in the spring the heat of the sun becomes so intense as to start plants to life very early; but then come the sharp night frosts, followed by hot sunshine early in the morning, and the plant perishes. This is why spring wheat (which is sown in the spring) is grown in preference to autumn wheat—almost exclusively in Manitoba—and why even such fruit trees as apples and pears. which will stand perfectly a sharp winter frost, cannot be grown on the prairies.

Moreover, there are frosts by the end of the summer, and although the early autumn frosts become rarer and less sharp in proportion as the land is cleared and cultivated, nevertheless rapid ripening is a quality necessarily required from the cereals that are grown in the continental parts of the Dominion. The variety of wheat which ripens three or four days, or even a couple of days, in advance of other varieties, is therefore preferred to other equally prolific varieties, as it has more chances not to be caught by frost. Consequently, all sorts of varieties of wheat and other cereals are experimented upon, especially those which come from the North of Scotland, Norway, North Russia, and Siberia.

In such conditions early sowing becomes a necessity, and apart from the protection from frosts, its general advantages have been fully demonstrated. Different varieties of wheat, oats, barley, and peas are sown every week in succession, beginning with the twentieth of April and ending with the twenty-fifth of May; and the crops obtained from the first two sowings (the first three for peas) are so much superior to the crops obtained from later sowings that each farmer sees at a glance what he loses if he has not made his sowings by the end of April.

* The Central Farm covers nearly 500 acres; Nappan, 310 acres; Agassiz, nearly 1,000 acres, in which are 800 acres of mountains; Brandon, 670 acres; and Indian Head, 680 acres.

The chief point towards which Dr. W. Saunders directs his attention is, however, not only to test the properties of the existing varieties of cereals, and to make the results known to the farmers, but to create new varieties best adapted to the climate of the country. The importance of breeding new varieties for the special requirements of each separate region, which for such a length of time has been so sadly neglected in Europe, is fully understood in Canada. Many poor crops in Europe are simply due to the fact that the same variety of wheat or oats has been cultivated for generations in succession, without rejuvenating it in some way or another. At the experimental farms it is endeavoured to accomplish the introduction of new varieties, and to breed such new varieties as would be best adapted to the special requirements of the country.

Cross-fertilization of different varieties, as well as the production in the same way of hybrids between different species (such as the two-rowed and the six-rowed barley), are widely experimented upon for this purpose. The difficulties attending this sort of work are evident, and one need not wonder that, from sixteen hundred and fifty flowers carefully crossed, only two hundred and twenty kernels were obtained. Nevertheless, in the course of six years more than seven hundred cross-bred and hybrid varieties of grain have been produced at the farms, and out of them no less than one hundred and eighty-nine are still under experiment.

Crossings have especially been made between Scotch wheat and North Russian wheats, as also Indian wheats, and it is estimated that the new variety offers several advantages; it gives a heavier crop and is earlier by three or four days. These varieties are of course experimented upon, not only at the experimental farms, but also in the open field, by many farmers. Three-pound bags of seed are distributed by the thousand, free of cost and postage, among the farmers, of whom a great number report later on about the results which they have obtained in their fields.* Nor are these experiments limited to Canada. The Canadian experimental farms stand in connection with the American ones; and while Russian and Siberian varieties are widely experimented upon in the Dominion, ten tons of Canadian seeds were shipped this autumn (1897) to Vladivostok to be experimented upon in the Siberian farms of the Amur and the Usuri regions.

It may also be added that cross varieties of peas were produced, and that some of them give undoubtedly larger crops than the old ones—a fact of importance for Canada, where nearly eight hundred thousand acres are given to this crop in the Province of Ontario alone.

APPLE GROWING.

Another wide series of experiments is carried on with fruit-trees. That apples and pears cannot be grown in Manitoba has already been alluded to. Nevertheless hundreds of Manitoba farmers used formerly to spend considerable sums of money in buying different varieties of apple-trees which they hoped to acclimatize. The impossibility of growing apples in Manitoba has now been fully demonstrated. During the past six years almost every variety of fruit-tree, which had any special claim for hardiness, has been tried at the two farms of Brandon and Indian Head; the hardiest varieties grown in Eastern Canada, in the western and north-

* 38,378 samples of seeds of all sorts were mailed to nearly 35,000 applicants in 1896.

ern parts of the States, and in Northern Europe were tested in all possible conditions—and all failed.

However, the staff of the experimental farms are not at all satisfied with this negative result. They are now endeavouring to produce a variety of apple-trees which could bear fruit in the climate of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories. There is one very hardy variety of crab-apple from Siberia which has for the past five years endured the climate of these regions without injury. It bears plenty of fruit, but its fruit is not much bigger than a cherry. Efforts are being made therefore to improve this fruit in size and quality by cross-fertilizing the crab-apple with the hardiest sorts of apples—chiefly Russian—and with the larger crabs. This work was partly done by the director of the Ottawa farm, but chiefly by Dr. C. E. Saunders. and at the present time more than eighteen hundred cross-bred seeds have been obtained. They were all duly planted two years ago, and from this quantity of seed fifteen hundred or sixteen hundred trees may be expected, some of which will probably bear larger and improved fruits, of a hardy and suitable character. The best of these varieties will then be selected for experiments on a larger scale. It is hoped that in this way a variety of apple appropriate to the climate of Manitoba will be obtained.

Another very interesting branch of work is being carried on at the Agassiz farm of British Columbia. It is intended to prove that in the coast range the slopes of the mountains can be utilized, up to a certain height, for orchards. On the hill which faces the Agassiz valley on its northern side, different sorts of fruit-trees have been planted on small patches of open ground, amid the virgin forest, up to an altitude of ten hundred and fifty feet; and as one climbs the mountain he discovers these small plantations of trees heavily loaded with fruit, which prove that the slopes of the hills can also be utilized for fruit culture as well as the bottoms of the valleys, where land is already sold at European prices, up to £15 and £20 the acre.

TREE PLANTING.

Canada has been described by some visitors as the land of tree-stumps—all land that is now under culture or under the villages and the towns over immense parts of the Dominion having been cleared from under virgin forests. It sounds strange, therefore, that tree-planting should make an important portion of the work of the experimental farms. But the Dominion of Canada contains all possible varieties of soil, climate, and aspects; and by the side of the immense spaces, where man tries to get rid of the trees as of a nuisance, there are the hardly less immense treeless prairies, where tree-planting is of the first importance. Nay, even in the woody regions, the growing of certain species of trees, and the planting of trees near to man's dwellings, upon spaces totally cleared of trees by forest fires, is becoming an important problem.

The forestry manager, or the "foreman of forestry," has thus plenty of work on his hands. At the Central Farm at Ottawa, sixty-five acres of land were set apart for an arboretum and a botanical garden, and as many as possible of the native trees and shrubs of Canada were planted there, as well as a great number of such species and varieties as were likely to succeed in Canada. Nearly two thousand species and varieties of trees and shrubs are thus grown, and many instructive lessons have already been learned from the tree plantations—the most important of them being that mixed plantations,

imitating as much as possible the natural grouping of trees in the forests, give the best results. It need hardly be said that the observations made on the growth, the hardiness, the time of blooming, etc., of such a number of trees and shrubs already represent most precious materials for the botanists.

NEW PASTURE.

The winters in Canada are long, and while in the high plains of the Calgary and Macleod region cattle and horses are grazing all the winter through, they must be fed in the stable for full five months in Manitoba. Consequently, even on the boundless prairies of South Manitoba, which begin to be pretty thickly settled, the growing of grasses for winter fodder and the artificial meadows becomes a question of the first importance. A perennial grass, a native of Europe —the Brome grass—was introduced to supply that need, and, after having been experimented upon for several years in succession, it has admirably answered all requirements. As a pasture grass for Manitoba it is perhaps unequalled. Mr. Bedford writes: "Starting early in the spring, it is fit to pasture two weeks earlier than the native grasses, and at Brandon cattle were pasturing on it in 1896 up to the first of November." It is no wonder, therefore, that the Brome grass is rapidly becoming a favourite with the Manitoba farmers.* Besides, mixed cereals, cut green, are resorted to for hay; but the best results have been obtained from Indian corn, which does not ripen for seed but attains the size of eight and ten feet, and after having been put in silos (which are built above the ground), gives an excellent and abundant winter fodder.

CREAMERIES.

Much more ought to be said, especially about the entomological and bacteriological work in connection with the creameries, which is carried on both at the Dominion farms and at Guelph; but what has been said will give an idea of the scientific value of the farms. It must only be added that while in Europe the work of the experimental farms too often remains little known to those who toil on the soil, in Canada, as in the United States, a whole machinery has been worked out for diffusing the knowledge that has been won from scientific research, down to the remotest village.

Not only the reports of the experimental farms, their bulletins on special subjects, and their circulars, are distributed in scores of thousands (162,642 reports and bulletins were mailed in 1896); not only some twenty thousand letters are exchanged every year with the farmers and correspondents, and several thousand farmers come to pay visits every year to each experimental farm; but a whole system of Farmers' Institutes and farmers' conventions and associations has been developed to convey that information to the farmers and to have it discussed by them; while the reports of the provincial departments of agriculture, which also are distributed free in many thousands of copies, contain whole inquiries into different agricultural subjects, to which every one contributes, and which are admirably summed up. But this organization belongs rather to the domain of diffusion of science, and can only be alluded to in this place.

* "Reports," 1896, p. 335 *sq.*

Again heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of right or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. —*Milton.*

MISSIONARY PROBLEMS IN CHINA.

BY THE REV. V. C. HART, D.D.*

Superintendent of Canadian Methodist Missions in China.

Mission problems are the creatures of circumstances, and as a rule, in the course of time, settle themselves. The wisest leaders cannot inaugurate methods and means except as temporary expedients.

The methods that bore fruit in the Sandwich Islands seventy years ago would not be adopted to-day. The Japan of 1866 does not exist to-day.

A political revolution has taken place, barriers of ancient growth have been swept away, and new and lively institutions brought into being.

Who would think of conducting mission work upon lines laid down a generation ago for the enterprising, educated Japanese of to-day?

The time has passed when an inefficient message-bearer can obtain a hearing and become a leader to inquisitive and restive minds. A public opinion exists, and of a progressive, enlightened type, which will not bow to inefficient leadership. No doubt the fields were never whiter for a religious harvest. Christianity is no mean power, and an uncertain quantity and quality permeates the whole fabric of her newly-erected institutions.

But questions that puzzle the reformers of Japan scarcely find an echo in China. The old regime continues with the sacred halo of antiquity about it. Out of that antiquity forms and shadows, more or less real, control the timorous would-be reformers. The mouldy goods of by-gone ages are still at par in the intellectual market. Half a dozen hands only are stretched out to grasp the levers that move the modern world. Christianity is by no means as yet a living force, and has not been assimilated to any appreciable extent. Missions, however, are rapidly assuming controlling positions, and of greater extent, and of more vital importance, perhaps, than elsewhere upon the globe. Nearly all important centres have representatives of some kind, and yearly new strategic positions around the centres are added.

This is not the time to mention the heroic services consecrated upon the altar for China, by men

* In a note dated Kiating, China, Nov. 12th, 1897, accompanying this article, Dr. Hart writes: "I am sending you a few pages written under the most embarrassing conditions. Workmen of every sort and quality around me, and frequently interrupting my pen. The printing press is going with all its force, and up to date I am supreme director, editor and all. Have published two tracts; to-day am striking off hymns for the Methodist Episcopal Mission, to be scattered through the Sunday congregations. Next week we begin to publish a twenty-thousand edition of Chinese illustrated calendar—which will be an annual feature. Can you beg me any appropriate electrotypes for illustrating tracts, etc.? How much would a small font of English type cost? All fairly well.—Faithfully yours, V. C. HART."

Dr. Hart sends a printed sheet containing four hymns neatly printed in Chinese. They are: "Let all nations praise the Lord," "I lay my sins on Jesus," "Now begin the heavenly theme," and "Jesus loves me; this I know." The cost of the sheet is about one-twentieth of a cent. Here is a wonderful and efficient method of preaching the Gospel. If the Chinese people get singing these Christian hymns it will preoccupy the place of the odious native literature that defiles the soul.

The Canadian printing-press, superintended by Dr. Hart, is, we believe, the first to be introduced in the whole of Western China. This and the Christian hospital and dispensary will be found most valuable aids for spreading the Gospel.

and women who have dared to sacrifice, who have not counted their lives dear to them, if China could be won for the Master. Our positions were obtained by toil unflagging, by zeal that needed not to blush in the presence of any that this world has been blessed with. Persecutions have fired the hearts of many to dare and do greater things in Christ's name than in almost any other land.

Mighty prejudices have been overcome, and cordial relations established where a few short years ago anarchy reigned. Great things have been done, but vastly greater remain to be done, before it can be said—the Church of China, except in a complimentary sense.

The most advanced missions, enrolling thousands of names which count numerically with the best Christians of the world, are relatively very weak, and dependent upon foreign guidance and continual nursing. Men and women have assumed new relations without much thought, except one of present betterment, and have not weighed their intentions and acts. Still the new relations count for much to both parties. Attentive hearers are secured, and a community of interests established upon a new and holier basis for the natives, and with ever brightening prospects.

Should a genuine spirit of inquiry after reform come upon the people at large, which we earnestly work and unceasingly pray for, the missionary of sufficient breadth cannot fail of being a trusted leader for many years to come. There has not been a healthy departure in any direction up to the present time in which missionaries have not been at the front, giving intelligent direction and infusing energy and enthusiasm.

The country does not possess sufficient virtue for genuine leadership, and must depend upon foreign guidance until changes politically, religiously, and morally take place. No one acquainted with the true conditions of society in China doubts her almost utter depravity and complete helplessness. Not because her people, laws, traditions, institutions and customs are in most respects antipodal to ours, but of her low standard and gross living. The Westerner teems with energy, is full of progressive ideas, and as much out of harmony with the do-as-little-as-necessary Chinaman as a leviathan ironclad in the midst of a fleet of junks. A hundred years of intercourse with China has taught foreign countries that these people do not take kindly to European ways, and that of all nations this nation is most closely wed to its own institutions and philosophies.

However much we deplore the Chinaman's obtuseness and his acceptance of ugliness and filth for his environment, we cannot sneer out of existence the poor and evil things he prizes so highly. His laws are not perfect, their execution a hundredfold worse, his officials are rapacious and pitiless toward the weak, his schools are better than none, but lamentably deficient in every direction.

The religions and philosophies are practically dead, materialism reigns triumphant, and the voice of conscience is stifled in dungeons of despair. The most enlightened of this generation, and home-born sons, have pronounced China's doom in doleful tones. Government and law are out of harmony with the world, and no one arises to set them right.

Streets and houses are filthy beyond description, harbouring every kind of vermin and germ imaginable. The moral filth is, if possible, greater than the physical. The common language, of both men and women, boys and girls, and indiscriminately used, could

not be viler. If a universal language could be formed by some method of agglutination, it would be so tainted by the moral cesspools of this people's speech as to be unfit for use.

If kindergartens could be established over the empire, they might work wonders in turning the faces of the children from the past to a future, from their present ugliness and grossness, toward beautiful objects and pure morality. Isaiah's language seems applicable to the present hour, "For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people." And may we not by a reasonable faith also say, "But the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee."

Missionaries have begun the regeneration of China, using such methods as experience teaches to be best adapted to this people, and judging from our past success, the work will be slow, and often most discouraging to the individual worker, on account of the peculiar existing conditions.

Take this great province of Chentu for a sample. What have we! It contains nearly one-fifteenth of China proper, and about one-eighth of its population.

There are, in round numbers, according to best guesses, forty millions of people scattered over one of the fairest sections of our planet. Out of this vast population there are about forty thousand, or one in ten thousand of the population, who have taken degrees at the examinations and follow the profession of letters. This army of old and middle-aged men are skilled in penmanship, composition, and the Confucian classics, and know little besides. They are almost entirely ignorant of the history of their country, of its extent, character, and conditions, and are wholly unpractical as concerns general affairs. The officials are largely recruited from the literati, and consequently the ordinary official as a rule is a mere puppet in the hands of his advisers and retainers.

Out of the forty millions, there are computed to be ten million merchants, mechanics, and students, who have a fair reading and writing knowledge of their language, and about one thousand women and girls. The great mass of thirty millions, mostly women and girls, are illiterates. The officials and nine-tenths of the literati are without means of general information. New books are seldom issued, and those printed are largely low novels, and hortatory tracts. Newspapers published in Shanghai have a very limited circulation in this province; probably not five hundred copies find their way regularly up the river for distribution.

The Chinaman's idea of comfort and luxury has not expanded with the ages. To be sure, caves which exist by tens of thousands in this region have been relegated to beggars and lizards, and cheap houses of lightest construction are universal. Still the comforts are meagre indeed, and considered from a Western standpoint, unbearable, owing to a great extent to the filthy habits of the people.

In a land of superior productiveness, beggary is a profession adopted by scores of thousands, poverty is wide-spread, wine drinking is universal, and opium smoking almost so, foot-binding universal, and the terrible evil of infanticide taints the whole moral life of the people. The social evil has driven out all modesty from society. The officials take no steps to deal with these great evils, and the burden of reform in all directions becomes more and more the missionary's imperative duty.

What a field for work! Who is sufficient for the task?

Kiating, November 12th, 1897.

HOW CHRIST CAME TO NANAIMO.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BROWNING.

"The steamer Alpha leaves for Nanaimo to-morrow, and you will sail by her to establish a cause for Christ and the Methodist Church in that town." Such was the message given me by Dr. Evans in Victoria a few days after our arrival in British Columbia, in February, 1859. Four of us ministers were now to be separated, and my destination was the farthest north. Nanaimo is about eighty miles from Victoria, and in these days intercourse with outside civilization was very slender and very scarce. However, I was dropped down in Nanaimo, and, as the vessel steamed away, I felt as any young fellow would feel who was eighty miles from an earthly friend, and thousands of miles from the associations of his life, the isolation very keen.

The inhabitants of Nanaimo were English colliers, with their families, Orkney Scotchmen with their squaws, and three or four large camps of Flathead Indians. These Indians were nominally Catholics, and were very regular and fervent at matins and vespers. Their object-lesson was a large chart, in which the Protestants were pictured going headlong into hell-fire, and the Catholics passing up through their church into heaven.

Two of the greatest delights of these good (?) Indians were in getting drunk and cutting off the heads of all other Indians but those of their own tribe. Great was their wailing one day when eleven of their own braves were found without their heads. The headless trunks were brought home and buried, but this act of reciprocity was never forgiven, and as far as possible was duly avenged.

Nanaimo was the rendezvous of all the northern Indians on their way to Victoria. I saw ninety war-canoes full of Queen Charlotte Indians come into port under full sail. Later on I saw England's flying squadron under full sail in the Straits of San Juan de Fuca. The contrast was marked, but the impression of the war-canoes is as vivid to-day as that of the war-vessels.

Nanaimo had been visited occasionally by ministers of the Gospel, and for all practical purposes there was not a Christian in the whole place. The white man had retrograded into semi-heathendom and the heathens had become barbarians and hypocrites.

I was not long in Nanaimo before my faith was put to the test. The day was a public holiday, and from morning until night almost the whole population was drunk. When darkness fell the whites were frenzied with Hudson Bay rum and the Indians were howling in their camps like demons. It was a saturnalia of drink and debauchery with scenes I could neither prevent nor condone.

Alone I went out on the wharf and listened to the moanings of the sea. It was a relief from the cries of the sea of surging wickedness behind me. As I walked I prayed, and as I prayed I sang and shouted and wept for very joy. There on that wharf I saw visions of God. I looked up into heaven and I saw Christ praying for me there. I looked to the east and I knew thousands were praying for me there, and as "Jesus Himself drew near" I knew

all about the strange heart burning of the sad disciples, and like them I saw the Lord. I would gladly return to the like trial again for such glimpses of the excellent glory. But what will it be to see His face !

After the light came the darkness. I found one morning that a tribe of northern Indians had landed on the beach and that they were in great trouble. They were the most uncouth and barbarous Indians I had ever met. As a proof of this they were the only savages I ever saw who did not know enough to shake hands. But they were in great difficulty, and pitifully they looked to me to help them out of it. It was this. The Hudson Bay Company's store had lost its key, and these Indians were accused of stealing it. Their chiefs were arrested with great cruelty (one of them subsequently died from his injuries), and were put in an underground prison, in fact, in the powder magazine. They had no trial, not even an examination. Nothing was found on them, but they were northern Indians, and that was enough.

I protested against such wrong, but was advised to preach the Gospel and not to interfere between the Company and the Indians. The poor wretches were then taken out of the cell and hung up by the thumbs and flogged to force them to confess. I again denounced this fresh outrage, but was told the result would be the loss of my influence and my congregation, and my return to Victoria as lonely as I came.

Sunday came, and my congregation had vanished into thin air. I went to my little room and again I asked Christ to come to Nanaimo and save me and His cause from ruin and worldly disgrace. I spent an anxious night, and in the morning stood looking over the sea towards Victoria. A vessel was coming round the point of the harbour flying the Union Jack.

I saw it was her Majesty's ship Plumper, Captain Richards commanding, as brave a man and as true a friend as ever trod the quarter-deck. He lived to be an admiral and hydrographer of the British Navy, and died as he lived, a fearless, Christian sailor. As soon as he landed he called on me to know the particulars of the brutal outrage on the Indians. As I told him the story of their wrongs, and of my part in it, and the results to myself and my mission, he rose to his feet and looked out over the harbour in which lay his vessel.

" Do you see that flag ?" said he.

" Yes," I said, " I see it. It is the Union Jack." I had flung my hat in the air at sight of it when entering Victoria harbour after being for six weeks under the Stars and Stripes.

" There," said he, " is the flag and there are the guns, and I will protect you and every other man, white or Indian, as long as I hold her Majesty's commission. If you will so request I will take the chief officer of this town to Victoria in irons, and will demand redress from the Governor himself."

I hesitated and said, " I will write out a full statement to my superior officer, to be by him presented to the Governor and chief factor of the Company, and you can back up my statement in any way you think best."

The letter was written, and my friend, Captain Richards, took charge of it. It may seem a small thing for a man-of-war vessel to do, the carrying of a letter from one Methodist minister to another. But it was done with as much grace as if the letter had been from the Premier of England to the Governor of a colony.

In due time the answer came.

In it my action was commended and my courage praised. It was a graceful letter from the highest authority in the colony to a young Methodist preacher. The Indians were vindicated, and I was told ever to stand up for their rights. But there was more. I was told to select as many lots as I chose in the centre of the town, as the site for a church, and furthermore to take possession of a parsonage partly built and intended for another denomination, and as much land as I wished for parsonage grounds. I chose three lots in the centre of the town and some acres around the parsonage. There is the land to-day, a valuable and remunerative asset of the Methodist Church in the city of Nanaimo.

Before I left—and I was there a little over a year—the plans for a new church were drawn and subscriptions obtained for its erection, and for aught I know some remains of it exist even to this day.

But did Christ come in spiritual power to Nanaimo? Yes, and among those who are witnesses of it is my dear friend, Cornelius Bryant, who rose to be President of the British Columbia Conference, and Brother Gough, the recording steward of Nanaimo for about thirty years.

It was out of Nanaimo came Salasaton, the native Apollos of the Pacific. With a zeal like Paul, a love like John, and fire like Peter, he lived and died a martyr to Jesus Christ.

It was in Nanaimo that Thomas Crosby began his wonderful career. It was from the port of Nanaimo that William Duncan, the apostle of Metlakatla, sailed to his life-work. He was my early friend and correspondent. We shared our horror of the white man's hell —an Indian camp—and rejoiced over the rescue of fallen souls.

He is now Father Duncan, and if any of my readers travel to that Mecca of the gold seeker, Klondike, they will call probably at Father Duncan's settlement and see what Jesus Christ and an earnest man can do in raising up a people from death unto life, from an earthly hell to a type of heaven.

Toronto.

A SLUM SISTER.

Through sin's dark haunts she passeth undefiled,
As once through Nazareth the Holy Child:
Shocked every sense, her calm soul dwells secure,
And her grieved eyes out-gaze the glance impure.

As David to Goliath, on she goes,
A single arm against a horde of foes;
One brave, true heart, where cowards lurk and leer;
'Mid false and foul, one simple soul sincere.

Know you her secret? Una's holy spell?
Could aught but Heaven confront the gaze of hell?
Brave heart may sink, and human help may fail;
But God is with her, and she shall prevail.

Her life—'tis not her own; to Him 'tis given
Who set upon her soul the seal of Heaven,
Nor ever can her eyes of faith grow dim,
That, turning, rest upon the face of Him.

"Dear souls," she saith, "Dear souls for whom Christ died,
Why will ye turn you from the Crucified?
If I, your sister, long to set you free—
O faithless, foolish children, will not He?"

Yea, Love Divine! the barriers of shame
Are rifted at Thy presence, and the Flame
Leaps through the dark; Love's boundless tide breaks in,
And Beth-El riseth from the wrecks of sin!

IN HIS STEPS.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Author of "The Crucifixion of Phillip Strong."

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

Rachel was glad to escape and be by herself. A plan was slowly forming in her mind and she wanted to be alone to think it out carefully. But before she had walked two blocks she was annoyed to find Rollin Page walking beside her.

"Sorry to disturb your thought, Miss Winslow, but I happened to be going your way and had an idea you might not object. In fact I've been walking here for a whole block and you haven't objected."

"I did not see you," replied Rachel.

"I wouldn't mind that if you only thought of me once in a while," said Rollin suddenly. He took one last nervous puff of his cigar, tossed it into the street and walked along with a pale face.

Rachel was surprised but not startled. She had known Rollin as a boy, and there had been a time when they had used each other's first names familiarly. Lately, however, something in Rachel's manner had put an end to that. She was used to his direct attempts at compliment and was sometimes amused by them. To-day she honestly wished him anywhere else.

"Do you ever think of me, Miss Winslow?" asked Rollin after a pause.

"Oh, yes, quite often!" said Rachel with a smile.

"Are you thinking of me now?"

"Yes, that is—yes, I am."

"What?"

"Do you want me to be absolutely truthful?"

"Of course."

"Then I was thinking that I wished you were not here."

Rollin bit his lip and looked gloomy. Rachel had not spoken anything as he wished.

"Now, look here, Rachel—Oh, I know that's forbidden, but I've got to speak some time; you know how I feel. What makes you treat me so hard? You used to like me a little, you know."

"Did I? Of course we used to get on very well as boy and girl. But we are older now."

Rachel still spoke in the light, easy way she had used since her first annoyance at seeing him. She was still somewhat preoccupied with her plan which had been disturbed by Rollin's appearance.

They walked along in silence a little way. The avenue was full of people. Among the persons passing was Jasper Chase. He saw Rachel and Rollin, and bowed as he went by. Rollin was watching Rachel closely.

"I wish I were Jasper Chase; maybe I'd stand some show then," he said moodily.

Rachel coloured in spite of herself. She did not say anything, and quickened her pace a little. Rollin seemed determined to say something and Rachel seemed helpless to prevent him. After all, she thought, he might as well know the truth one time as another.

"You know well enough, Rachel, how I feel towards you. Isn't there any hope? I could make you happy. I've loved you a good many years—"

"Why, how old do you think I am?" broke in Rachel with a nervous laugh. She was shaken out of her usual poise of manner.

"You know what I mean," went on Rollin doggedly. "And you

have no right to laugh at me just because I want you to marry me."

"I'm not! But it is useless for you to speak—Rollin," said Rachel after a little hesitation, and then using his name in such a frank, simple way that he could attach no meaning to it beyond the familiarity of the family acquaintance. "It is impossible." She was still a little agitated by the fact of receiving a proposal of marriage on the avenue. But the noise on the street and sidewalk made the conversation as private as if they were in the house.

"Would you—that is—do you think—if you gave me time I would—"

"No!" said Rachel. She spoke firmly; perhaps, she thought afterwards, although she did not mean to, she spoke harshly.

They walked on for some time without a word. They were nearing Rachel's home and she was anxious to end the scene.

As they turned off the avenue into one of the quiet streets, Rollin spoke suddenly and with more manliness than he had yet shown. There was a distinct note of dignity in his voice that was new to Rachel.

"Miss Winslow, I ask you to be my wife. Is there any hope for me that you will ever consent?"

"None in the least," Rachel spoke decidedly.

"Will you tell me why?" He asked the question as if he had a right to a truthful answer.

"I do not feel towards you as a woman ought to feel towards the man she ought to marry."

"In other words you do not love me."

"I do not. And I cannot."

"Why?" That was another question and Rachel was a little surprised that he should ask it.

"Because—" she hesitated for fear she might say too much in an attempt to speak the exact truth.

"Tell me just why. You can't hurt me more than you have already."

"Well, I don't and can't love you because you have no purpose in life. What do you ever do to make the world better? You spend your time in club life, in amusements, in travel, in luxury. What is there in such a life to attract a woman?"

"Not much, I guess," said Rollin with a little laugh. "Still, I don't know as I am any worse than the rest of the men around me. I'm not so bad as some. Glad to know your reason."

He suddenly stopped, took off his hat, bowed gravely and turned back. Rachel went on home and hurried into her room, disturbed in many ways by the event which had so unexpectedly thrust itself into her experience.

When she had time to think it all over, she found herself condemned by the very judgment she had passed on Rollin Page. What purpose had she in life? She had been abroad and studied music with one of the famous teachers of Europe. She had come home to Raymond and had been singing in the First Church choir now for a year. She was well paid. Up to that Sunday two weeks ago, she had been quite satisfied with herself and her position. She had shared her mother's ambition, and anticipated growing triumphs in the musical world. What possible career was before her except the regular career of every singer?

She asked the question again, and, in the light of her recent reply to Rollin, asked again if she had any very great purpose in life herself? What would Jesus do? There was a fortune in her voice. She knew it, not necessarily as a matter of personal pride or professional egotism, but simply as a fact. And she was obliged to

acknowledge that until two weeks ago she had purposed to use her voice to make money and win admiration and applause. Was that a much higher purpose after all, than Rollin Page lived for?

She sat in her room a long time and finally went down-stairs, resolved to have a frank talk with her mother about the concert company's offer and her new plan which was gradually shaping in her mind. She had already had one talk with her mother and knew that she expected Rachel to accept the offer and enter on a successful career as a public singer.

"Mother," Rachel said, coming at once to the point, as much as she dreaded the interview, "I have decided not to go out with the company. I have a good reason for it."

Mrs. Winslow was a large, handsome woman, fond of much company, ambitious for a distinct place in society, and devoted, according to her definitions of success, to the success of her children. Her youngest boy, Lewis, ten years younger than Rachel, was ready to graduate from a military academy in the summer. Meanwhile she and Rachel were at home together. Rachel's father, like Virginia's, had died while the family were abroad. Like Virginia she found herself, under her present rule of conduct, in complete antagonism with her own immediate home circle.

Mrs. Winslow waited for Rachel to go on.

"You know the promise I made two weeks ago, mother?"

"Mr. Maxwell's promise?"

"No, mine. You know what it was, mother?"

"I suppose I do. Of course all the church members mean to imitate Christ and follow Him as far as is consistent with our present day surroundings. But what has that to do with your decision in the concert company's matter?"

"It has everything to do with it. After asking, 'What would Jesus do?' and going to the source of authority for wisdom, I have been obliged to say that I do not believe He would, in my case, make that use of my voice."

"Why? Is there anything wrong about such a career?"

"No, I don't know that I can say there is."

"Do you presume to sit in judgment on other people who go out to sing in this way? Do you presume to say that they are doing what Christ would not do?"

"Mother, I wish you to understand me. I judge no one else. I condemn no other professional singers. I simply decide my own course. As I look at it, I have a conviction that Jesus would do something else."

"What else?" Mrs. Winslow had not yet lost her temper. She did not understand the situation, nor Rachel in the midst of it, but she was anxious that her daughter's career should be as distinguished as her natural gifts promised. And she felt confident that, when the present unusual religious excitement in the First Church had passed away, Rachel would go on with her public life according to the wishes of the family. She was totally unprepared for Rachel's next remark.

"What? Something that will serve mankind where it most needs the service of song. Mother, I have made up my mind to use my voice in some way so as to satisfy my own soul that I am doing something better than please fashionable audiences or make money, or even gratify my own love of singing. I am going to do something that will satisfy me when I ask, 'What would Jesus do?' And I am not satisfied, and cannot be, when I think of myself as singing myself into the career of a concert company performer."

Rachel spoke with a vigour and

earnestness that surprised her mother. Mrs. Winslow was angry now. And she never tried to conceal her feelings.

"It is simply absurd! Rachel, you are a fanatic. What can you do?"

"The world has been served by men and women who have given it other things that were gifts. Why should I, because I am blessed with a natural gift at once proceed to put a market price on it and make all the money I can out of it? You know, mother, that you have taught me to think of a musical career always in the light of a financial and social success. I have been unable, since I made my promise, two weeks ago, to imagine Jesus joining a concert company to do what I would do and live the life I would have to live if I joined it."

Mrs. Winslow rose and then sat down again. With a great effort she composed herself.

"What do you intend to do, then? You have not answered my question."

"I shall continue to sing for the time being in the church. I am pledged to sing there through spring. During the week, I am going to sing at the White Cross meetings down in the Rectangle."

"What! Rachel Winslow! Do you know what you are saying? Do you know what sort of people those are down there?"

Rachel almost quailed before her mother. For a moment she shrank back and was silent.

"I know very well. That is the reason I am going. Mr. and Mrs. Gray have been working there several weeks. I learned only this morning that they wanted singers from the churches to help them in their meetings. They use a tent. It is in a part of the city where Christian work is most needed. I shall offer them my help. Mother!" Rachel cried out with the most passionate utterance she had yet used, "I want to do something that will cost me something in the way of sacrifice. I know you will not understand me. But I am hungry to suffer something. What have we done all our lives for the suffering, sinning side of Raymond? How much have we denied ourselves or given of our personal ease and pleasure to bless the place in which we live or imitate the life of the Saviour of the world? Are we always to go on doing as society selfishly dictates, moving on its narrow little round of pleasures and entertainments and never knowing the pain of things that cost?"

"Are you preaching at me?" asked Mrs. Winslow slowly. Rachel understood her mother's words.

"No, I am preaching at myself," she replied gently. She paused a moment as if she thought her mother would say something more and then went out of the room. When she reached her own room she felt that, so far as her mother was concerned, she could expect no sympathy or even a fair understanding from her.

She kneeled down. It is safe to say that within the two weeks since Henry Maxwell's church had faced that shabby figure with the faded hat, more members of his parish had been driven to their knees in prayer than during all the previous term of his pastorate.

When she rose, her beautiful face was wet with tears. She sat thoughtfully a little while and then wrote a note to Virginia Page. She sent it to her by a messenger, and then went down-stairs again and told her mother that she and Virginia were going down to the Rectangle that evening to see Mr. and Mrs. Gray, the evangelists.

"Virginia's uncle, Dr. West, will go with us if she goes. I have asked her to call him up by tele-

phone and go with us. The doctor is a friend of the Grays, and attended some of the meetings last winter.'"

Mrs. Winslow did not say anything. Her manner showed her complete disapproval of Rachel's course and Rachel felt her unspoken bitterness.

About seven o'clock the Doctor and Virginia appeared, and together the three started for the scene of the White Cross meetings.

The Rectangle was the most notorious district in all Raymond. It was in the territory close by the great railroad shops and the packing houses. The slum and tenement district of Raymond congested its most wretched elements about the Rectangle. This was a barren field used in the summer by circus companies and wandering showmen. It was shut in by rows of saloons, gambling hells, and cheap, dirty boarding and lodging houses.

The First Church of Raymond had never touched the Rectangle problem. It was too dirty, too coarse, too sinful, too awful for close contact. Let us be honest. There had been an attempt to cleanse this sore spot by sending down an occasional committee of singers, of Sunday-school teachers, or gospel visitors from various churches. But the church of Raymond as an institution had never really done anything to make the Rectangle any less a stronghold of the devil as the years went by.

In the heart of the coarse part of the sin of Raymond, the travelling evangelist and his brave little wife had pitched a good-sized tent and begun meetings. It was the spring of the year and the evenings were beginning to be pleasant. The evangelists had asked for the help of Christian people and had received more than the usual amount of encouragement. But they felt a great need of more and better music. During the meetings on the Sunday just gone, the assistant at the organ had been taken ill. The volunteers from the city were few and the voices of ordinary quality.

"There will be a small meeting to-night, John," said his wife, as they entered the tent a little after seven o'clock and began to arrange the chairs and light up.

"Yes, I think so." Mr. Gray was a small, energetic man, with a pleasant voice and the courage of a high-born fighter. He had already made friends in the neighbourhood, and one of his converts, a heavy faced man who had just come in, began to help in the arrangement of the seats.

It was after eight o'clock when Alexander Powers opened the door of his office and started to go home. He was going to take a car at the corner of the Rectangle. But as he neared it he was roused by a voice coming from the tent.

It was the voice of Rachel Winslow. It struck through his consciousness of struggle over his own question that had sent him into the Divine presence for an answer. He had not yet reached a conclusion. He was troubled with uncertainty. His whole previous course of action as a railroad man was the poorest possible preparation for anything sacrificial. And he could not yet say what he would do in the matter.

Hark! What was she singing? How did Rachel Winslow happen to be down here? Several windows near by went up. Some men quarrelling in a saloon stopped and listened. Other figures were walking rapidly in the direction of the Rectangle and the tent.

Surely Rachel Winslow never was happier in her life. She never had sung like that in the First Church. It was a marvellous voice. What was it she was

singing? Again Alexander Powers, Superintendent of the Machine Shops, paused and listened.

"Where He leads me I will follow,
Where He leads me I will follow,
Where He leads me I will follow,
I'll go with Him, with Him,
All the way."

The brutal, stolid, coarse, impure life of the Rectangle stirred itself into new life, as the song, as pure as the surroundings were vile, floated out into saloon and den and foul lodging. Some one stumbling hastily by Alexander Powers said in answer to a question,

"The tent's beginning to run over to-night. That's what the talent calls music, eh?"

The Superintendent turned towards the tent. Then he stopped. And after a moment of indecision he went on to the corner and took the car for his home. But before he was out of the sound of Rachel's voice he knew that he had settled for himself the question of what Jesus would do.

CHAPTER IV.

"If any man would come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me."

Henry Maxwell paced his study back and forth. It was Wednesday and he had started to think out the subject of his evening service which fell upon that night.

Out of one of his study windows he could see the tall chimneys of the railroad shops. The top of the evangelist's tent just showed over the buildings around the Rectangle.

The pastor of the First Church looked out of this window every time he turned in his walk. After a while he sat down at his desk and drew a large piece of paper towards him.

After thinking several moments he wrote in large letters the following:

A NUMBER OF THINGS THAT JESUS WOULD PROBABLY DO IN THIS PARISH.

1. Live in a simple, plain manner, without needless luxury on the one hand or undue asceticism on the other.
2. Preach fearlessly to the people in this church, no matter what their social importance or wealth.
3. Show in some practical form sympathy and love for the common people as well as for the well-to-do, educated, refined people who make up the majority of the church and parish.
4. Identify himself with the great causes of Humanity in some personal way that would call for self-denial and suffering.
5. Preach against the saloon in Raymond.
6. Become known as a friend and companion of the sinful people in the Rectangle.
7. Give up the summer trip to Europe this year. (I have been abroad twice and cannot claim any special need of rest. I am well, and could forego this pleasure, using the money for someone who needs a vacation more than I do. There are probably plenty of such people in the city.)
8. What else would Jesus do as Henry Maxwell?

He was conscious, with a humility that once was a stranger to him, that his outline of Jesus' probable action was painfully lacking in depth and power, but he was seeking carefully for concrete shapes into which he might cast his thought of Jesus' conduct. Nearly every point he had put down, meant, for him, a complete overturning of the custom and habit of years in the ministry. In spite of that, he still searched deeper for sources of the Christlike spirit. He did not attempt to write any more, but sat at his desk absorbed in his attempt to catch more and more of the spirit of Jesus in his own life. He had forgotten the particular subject for his prayer-meeting with which he had begun his morning study.

He was so absorbed over his thought that he did not hear the

bell ring, and he was roused by the servant, who announced a caller. He had sent up his name, Mr. Gray.

Maxwell stepped to the head of the stairs and asked Gray to come up.

"We can talk better up here."

So Gray came up and stated the reason for his call.

"I want you, Mr. Maxwell, to help me. Of course you have heard what a wonderful meeting we had Monday night and last night. Miss Winslow has done more with her voice than I could, and the tent won't hold the people."

"I've heard of that. It's the first time the people there have heard her. It's no wonder they are attracted."

"It has been a wonderful revelation to us, and a most encouraging event in our work. But I came to ask if you could come down to-night and preach. I am suffering with a severe cold. I do not dare to trust my voice again. I know it is asking a good deal for such a busy man. But if you can't come, say so freely and I'll try somewhere else."

"I'm sorry, but it's my regular prayer-meeting night," said Henry Maxwell. Then he flushed and added, "I shall be able to arrange it in some way so as to come down. You can count on me."

Gray thanked him earnestly and rose to go.

"Won't you stay a minute, Gray, and let us have a prayer together?"

"Yes," said Gray, simply.

So the two men kneeled together in the study. Mr. Maxwell prayed like a child. Gray was touched to tears as he kneeled there. There was something almost pitiful in the way this man who had lived his ministerial life in such a narrow limit of exercise now begged for wisdom and strength to speak a message to the people in the Rectangle.

Gray rose and held out his hand.

"God bless you, Mr. Maxwell. I'm sure the Spirit will give you power to-night."

Henry Maxwell made no answer. He did not even trust himself to say that he hoped so. But he thought of his promise and it brought a certain peace that was refreshing to his heart and mind alike.

So that is how it came about that when the First Church audience came into the lecture-room that evening it was met with another surprise.

There was an unusually large number present. The prayer-meetings ever since that remarkable Sunday morning had been attended as never before in the history of the First Church.

Henry Maxwell came at once to the point. He spoke of Gray's work and of his request.

"I feel as if I were called to go down there to-night, and I will leave it with you to say whether you will go on with the meeting here. I think perhaps the best plan would be for a few volunteers to go down to the Rectangle with me prepared to help in the after-meeting, and the rest remain here and pray that the Spirit's power may go with us."

So half a dozen of the men went with Henry Maxwell, and the rest of the audience stayed in the lecture-room. Maxwell could not escape the thought as he left the room that probably in his entire church membership there might not be found a score of disciples who were capable of doing work that would successfully lead needy, sinful men into the knowledge of Christ. The thought did not linger in his mind to vex him as he went on his way, but it was

simply a part of his whole new conception of the meaning of Christian discipleship.

When he and his little company of volunteers reached the Rectangle, the tent was already crowded. They had difficulty in getting to the little platform. Rachel was there with Virginia and Jasper Chase, who had come instead of the Doctor to-night.

When the meeting began with a song in which Rachel sang the solo and the people were asked to join in the chorus, not a foot of standing room was left in the tent. The night was mild and the sides of the tent were up and a great border of faces stretched around, looking in and forming part of the audience.

After the singing, and a prayer by one of the city pastors who was present, Gray stated the reasons for his inability to speak, and in his simple manner turned the service over to "Brother Maxwell of the First Church."

"Who's de bloke?" asked a hoarse voice near the outside of the tent.

"De Fust Church parson. We've got de whole high tone swell outfit to-night."

"Did you say Fust Church? I know him. My landlord has got a front pew up there," said another voice and there was a laugh, for the speaker was a saloon keeper.

"Trow out de life-line 'cross de dark wave!" began a drunken man near by, singing in such an unconscious imitation of a local travelling singer's nasal tone that roars of laughter and jeers of approval rose around him. The people in the tent turned in the direction of the disturbance. There were shouts of "Put him out!" "Give the Fust Church a chance!" "Song! Song! Give us another song!"

Henry Maxwell stood up, and a great wave of actual terror went over him. This was not like preaching to the well-dressed, respectable, good-mannered people on the boulevard. He began to speak, but the confusion increased. Gray went down into the crowd but did not seem able to quiet it. Henry Maxwell raised his arm and his voice. The crowd in the tent began to pay some attention, but the noise on the outside increased. In a few minutes the audience was beyond Maxwell's control. He turned to Rachel with a sad smile.

"Sing something, Miss Winslow. They will listen to you," he said, and then sat down and put his face in his hands.

It was Rachel's opportunity and she was fully equal to it. Virginia was at the organ and Rachel asked her to play a few notes of the hymn,

> "Saviour, I follow on,
> Guided by Thee,
> Seeing not yet the hand
> That leadeth me;
> Hushed be my heart and still,
> Fear I no farther ill,
> Only to meet Thy will,
> My will shall be."

Rachel had not sung the first line before the people in the tent were all turned towards her, hushed and reverent. Before she had finished the verse the Rectangle was subdued and tamed. It lay like some wild beast at her feet and she sang it into harmlessness. Ah! What were the flippant, perfumed, critical audiences in concert halls compared with this dirty, drunken, impure, degraded, besotted humanity that trembled and wept and grew strangely, sadly thoughtful, under the touch of the divine ministry of this beautiful young woman. Henry Maxwell, as he raised his head and saw the transformed mob, had a glimpse of something that Jesus would probably do with a voice like Rachel Winslow's. Jasper Chase sat with his eyes on the singer, and

his greatest longing as an ambitious author was swallowed up in the thought of what Rachel Winslow's love might sometime mean to him. And over in the shadow, outside, stood the last person any one might have expected to see at a gospel tent service—Rollin Page, who, jostled on every side by rough men and women who stared at the swell in the fine clothes, seemed careless of his surroundings and at the same time evidently swayed by the power that Rachel possessed. He had just come over from the club. Neither Rachel nor Virginia saw him that night.

The song was over. Henry Maxwell rose again. This time he felt calm. What would Jesus do? He spoke as he thought once he never could. Who were these people? They were immortal souls. What was Christianity? A calling of sinners, not the righteous, to repentance. How would Jesus speak? What would He say? He could not tell all that his message would include, but he felt sure of a part of it. And in that certainty he spoke on. Never before had he felt "compassion for the multitude." What had the multitude been to him during his ten years in the First Church, but a vague, dangerous, dirty, troublesome factor in society, outside of the church and his reach, an element that caused him, occasionally, an unpleasant feeling of conscience; a factor in Raymond that was talked about at associations as the "masses," in papers written by the brethren in attempts to show why the "masses" were not being reached. But to-night, as he faced the "masses," he asked himself whether, after all, this was not just about such a multitude as Jesus faced oftenest, and he felt the genuine emotion of love for a crowd which is one of the best indications a preacher ever has that he is living close to the heart of the world's eternal Life.

THE TRUE SERVICE.

Christ never asks of us such heavy labour
As leaves no time for resting at His feet;
The waiting attitude of expectation
He ofttimes counts a service most complete.

He sometimes wants our ear—our rapt attention,
That he some sweetest secret may impart.
'Tis always in the time of deepest stillness
That heart finds deepest fellowship with heart.

We sometimes wonder why our Lord doth place us
Within a sphere so narrow, so obscure,
That nothing we call work can find an entrance;
There's only room to suffer—to endure!

Well, God loves patience! Souls that dwell in stillness
Doing the little things, or resting quiet,
May just as perfectly fulfil their mission,
Be just as useful in the Father's sight

As they who grapple with some giant evil,
Clearing a path that every eye may see;
Our Saviour cares for cheerful acquiescence,
Rather than for a busy ministry.

Then seek to please Him, whatsoe'er he bids thee,
Whether to do, to suffer, or lie still;
'Twill matter little by what path He led us,
If in it all we sought to do His will.

—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

RHODA ROBERTS.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Author of "Methodist Idylls," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

Presently he heard the front door open, and then saw, from the window at which he was standing, the doctor going forward to his carriage. At that moment a hand was placed upon his shoulder, and he turned suddenly round to face Seth. In his complete abstraction Dick had not heard the fireman enter the room.

"Yon's not Dr. Shearer," said Dick, pointing through the window.

"No," said the fireman, "that is Dr. Shearer's assistant."

"Assistant?" replied Dick questioningly, his voice sounding strangely low.

"Don't you understand?" asked Seth; "that is the gentleman lately come to assist Dr. Shearer in his work."

"Yes—yes," said Dick vaguely, "but—but—"

"You seem to be very much interested in the young doctor?" queried Seth, with a vivacity he by no means felt. "Do you know him, Dick, lad?"

If Dick had not still been standing at the window watching the doctor's carriage disappearing into the gathering darkness of the night, and if the gloom which now pervaded the little kitchen, and which was only relieved by the ruddy glare from the settling fire, had not obscured the distinct outlines of Seth's face, the young miner might have easily noticed the distressful look on the old man's countenance as he put the question to him, and almost breathlessly awaited its answering.

"No," said Dick languidly, "I can't say that I know him. But his form seemed familiar to me, that's all."

Intensely relieved at the words, Seth's heart leaped for gladness.

"Come, lad," he said in a lighter tone, "come in and see Rhoda. I've told her that you are here, and she's waiting to see you."

Dick did not need any further urging, and in a few moments he was sitting on a low chair near the sofa upon which Rhoda was reclining, asking her a score of questions concerning herself and her health.

"You don't look so poorly, Rhoda, to-night," he said, "as I've sometimes seen you."

"Nor do I feel so poorly, Dick," she said. "Indeed, I haven't felt better for a very long time."

"That's right, Rhoda," cried Dick, his face beaming with joy. "I hope you'll soon be yourself again. But you've been crying, Rhoda."

"Crying?"

Her manner was very confused, and her face very flushed.

"Yes, your eyes are quite red."

If her father had not been present she might have betrayed a great and fearful secret, but Seth answered readily.

"Isn't it enough to make any poor girl weep?" he cried. "Here comes the doctor and tells her that she must give up her school, and take care of herself throughout the coming winter."

"Did he say that?" murmured Dick thoughtfully.

"It's no welcome advice, lad," went on Seth, "to tell Rhoda that. She loves her school and her work, and the children."

"And the children love her," said Dick softly.

"That they do," said the fireman, brushing away a tear from his eye with his cuff.

"And the doctor advised her to give up school?" repeated Dick, dwelling and lingering upon the question.

"He did," said Seth, and what he said was simple truth.

It did not, however, occur to Dick to think that Rhoda's red eyes could scarcely be accounted for by this advice, but he was diverted from further comment concerning it.

"I think," Dick said presently, "that the dark cloud may yet have a silver lining."

"I don't doubt it," said the fireman emphatically, "God never sends total darkness into any one's life. There is always a little light somewhere, even though it be but a glimmer."

Some one knocked at the door, and Seth opened it.

"Art ready, Seth?"

"Why, bless me!" cried Seth, "is 't time already?"

"It be close on seven," said the voice.

"Very well. I'll come at once. Be you coming to-night, Rhoda?" for she was not so unwell but that she could still go about almost as usual.

"Not to-night, father," she said, "I feel rather tired, and I want to be at school in good time in the morning."

"Then I must be off. Be you coming, Dick?"

"I think I'll keep Rhoda company to-night," he said. "It's rather lonely for one to sit in the house alone."

"You mustn't remain for me," said Rhoda. "I don't mind being alone, and I've got a new book to read."

"What d'ye say, lad?" queried the fireman.

"I'll stop a little bit," said Dick. "Mebbe I'll be over just now."

"All right," said Seth, putting on his hat and kissing Rhoda good-night. "I'll come straight home, lassie."

"Do, father," she replied earnestly. And then he was gone.

Left alone the two young people sat musing with their own thoughts for some little time, and then Dick suddenly broke the silence.

"I've been thinking, Rhoda," he said, "of a way out of your difficulties."

"What difficulties?"

"Well, the difficulty of the school for one thing. About leaving it."

"I've not yet made up my mind to leave it," she said, though any one, with the smallest eyesight for things only slightly veiled, could easily have seen that the leaving of it would be the best thing for her.

"But doesn't the doctor advise it?"

"Yes; but I don't think I shall."

Dick again grew silent.

"What were you going to suggest?"

"Rhoda," he began confusedly, and in a low and trembling voice. "Do you remember that time, months agone now, when I asked you to be my wife, and when you refused?"

A sudden heat rose into her face, dying it scarlet, but it almost immediately passed away again, leaving it sheet-white.

"Do you remember it, Rhoda?" urged Dick.

"Do you remember it?" she asked pointedly.

"I have reason to," he said painfully. "You refused me—"

"And I've reason to remember it, too, Dick," she replied very slowly, but very decidedly, "I've often recalled it. Do you remember the bitter, cruel words you used upon that occasion? Do you

remember doubting my word, and asking me whether I'd lost my religion? You told me at that time that I had sold my soul to the devil. And now I forbid you ever to mention the subject to me again."

"Rhoda!"

"Not a word of it," she said emphatically.

Poor Dick hung his head in shame.

"From henceforth," she said, "let not this subject ever be broached between us again. I've no wish but to forget it, Dick, and though I forgive you for your unjust words, I say distinctly that our talk upon it must end."

Dick stood penitent and humiliated, but the matter was almost a life and death one to him, and he could not remain silent, despite her peremptory mandate.

"I wanted you," he managed to stammer, "to think of it all again—"

"How can you suggest such a thing, Dick?" she cried, before he had time to properly explain himself. "Was it not sufficiently bitter of itself without asking me now to recall it?"

"You misun'erstan' me, Rhoda," said Dick meekly, "I don't want you to recall my cruel words. I mustn't have been in my right senses when I said them, and I want you to forget them. But I've been thinking as how you might have changed your mind by now—"

"That is the very thing of which I do not wish to hear you speak again. Dick, I shall never change my mind. Do you hear it?"

He did hear it, and the desolation of despair fell upon his heart.

"I'll never trust any woman again," he went on wildly and passionately. "They are all alike. There doesn't seem one bit of genuine feeling in them. Oh, be the world all so full of deceit and hypocrisy?"

"Dick, how dare you say such things? You are beside yourself. You are not accountable for your words."

Presently he took up his hat in a mechanical kind of way, and moved towards the door.

"I did not wish to pain you, Dick," cried Rhoda, going forward and laying her hand kindly upon his shoulder, "but you have said such terrible things."

For a moment or so his feet were arrested by her gentleness.

"Only," she continued, "let us never talk of these matters again—"

The words had barely escaped her lips when he interrupted her by a fierce gesture, threw her hand roughly off his shoulder, dragged open the door, and went out into the street, leaving her filled with pain and sorrow.

"God forgive him," she wept bitterly, flinging herself on the sofa, in the cushion of which she buried her tear-stained face. "Oh, how cruel, how unreasonable!"

CHAPTER XX.

THE BLACK BROTHERHOOD.

Doctor Shearer had strongly advised Seth to prevail on Rhoda to resign her school duties, and to stay at home to nurse her health and strength.

"By so doing," he had said, "she may yet live many years; but if not"—and the good old doctor had shaken his head warningly.

But Rhoda could not be prevailed upon, and Seth had at length ceased to press her upon the subject. But she was destined to leave school much earlier than either she or her father thought. One of those cruel blows spoken

of in the last chapter was soon about to fall upon her. And to fall from the hand of Stephen Grainger !

One morning Rhoda had arrived at school rather later than usual. She had started early enough from home, and, if all had gone well, would have reached school in plenty of time. But on the road she was seized with one of her now usual fainting feelings, and she had been obliged to rest awhile in a neighbour's house.

On arriving at school she was amazed to find Mr. Stephen Grainger awaiting her—a most surprising circumstance, for never once before since Rhoda had been mistress had that gentleman so much as darkened the door of the schoolroom. But during the past few weeks he had been greatly stirring himself, not ostentatiously, but quietly and secretly. This Rhoda was soon to learn.

"You're late this morning," he said, abruptly addressing her.

"A little," replied Rhoda, taking off her hat and jacket.

"A little!" he exclaimed angrily. "And so you treat the matter as lightly as that ? I'm surprised at you. What a splendid example to set to the children !"

Rhoda glanced at him with flushed face.

"Don't you think, Miss Roberts," he sneered, "that these children would respect you much more if you respected them ?"

"I fail to understand you, sir," she said.

"You do?" he said sarcastically. "P'r'aps it's because you won't. I can't think, Miss Roberts, that a person of your ability can fail to understand simple English. Where's your log-book ?"

She could not refuse to place it before him. He was one of the managers of the school; almost the sole manager.

"Go on with your work," he said, motioning her away; "I can manage this business very well without you."

The scholars were all in their places, and each little boy and girl was observant of all that was transpiring. An ominous silence reigned in the schoolroom, and each one realized that something fearful was happening. In the upper classes the scholars looked pityingly towards their mistress, and not a few of them showed signs of emotion, while some of them, and the three under-teachers, were quick to guess that the agent was carrying out, or at least making the arrangements for carrying out, another of his "drastic reforms."

"There !" he exclaimed, when he had finished scribbling in the log-book, and pushing it from him contemptuously, "I think that will do. And now, Miss Roberts, I've a letter for you."

He took out a sealed envelope from his letter-case and held it out towards her.

"The managers met last night," he said, still holding out the letter, "and bade me give you this."

Quick as lightning she divined what the purport of the letter was, and disdained to notice it. She turned to the log-book and read what he had written, while he stood and viewed her sardonically.

"Visited school this morning, and found it very disorderly through the effects of the evil example of the late coming of the mistress. Conveyed to mistress the managers' letter terminating her engagement here in three months' time on account of unfaithfulness in her school duties.—Stephen Grainger, Correspondent."

"This," said Rhoda, placing her finger upon the written words and glancing piercingly at the manager, "is decidedly untrue. It is libellous, sir."

"What do you mean ?" he said; "the letter referred to ?"

"In the first place I mean this

word 'disorderly,' sir," she replied haughtily. "The school is not disorderly. In the second place I mean this word 'unfaithfulness.'"

"That libellous?" he exclaimed. "Is it not a fact that you are frequently absent from school?"

"On account of illness," she said.

"That makes no difference to us," he said; "we call it unfaithfulness. Take this letter."

"No," she replied indignantly, "I shall take this instead, and you shall prove your words."

"Before he could realize what she was about she deliberately tore out the leaf from the log-book, folded it up, and put it into her pocket.

"Madam," stormed Stephen Grainger, "do you know what you've done?"

"Perfectly well," she said, "and what I am about to do now. Children," she cried, addressing the school, "you have all heard and seen what has passed here this morning. You have seen how this man here," pointing contemptuously to the raging manager, "has insulted me in the presence of you all. This is the same man that says your fathers shall have to work for less wages or not work at all, the man who would starve us all out of house and home if he could. And now he has come here this morning to tell me that I must soon cease to teach you or be mistress of this school. He has the wickedness to write in one of my books that you are disorderly children, and now I want you to go home and tell your parents all about it. Tell them that I cease to be mistress this very morning, and will never come to this school again. Go, children!"

In a moment confusion reigned, and the general stampede of children shook the room. In vain Stephen Grainger thundered out "Stop!" in vain he rushed to the door and tried to turn back the flood that rushed through the school doors; in vain he called upon the under-teachers to help him, threatening them all the while with summary dismissal unless they came to his aid; in vain all his efforts; crying, shrieking, howling, out rushed the frightened and indignant scholars, and on they swept through the streets of Trethyn, rousing the whole neighbourhood and spreading the news of another drastic reform far and near.

Stephen Grainger's feelings can be better imagined than described. He had not anticipated such a turn of events—could not possibly have anticipated it. In common parlance, he had caught a tartar; but he could never have suspected such promptitude and decision of character lay under the schoolmistress' quiet exterior. Furiously angry, he rushed up the schoolroom.

"Madam!" he fairly yelled, seizing Rhoda by the wrist, "you shall suffer for this."

He scarcely knew what he was saying, he was so excited and wild. Had he not been so he would quickly have perceived that she was already suffering intensely, that she was already swooning away with the effects of the terrible excitement—swooning away while he crushed her hand and savagely reproached her. Had he been more under his own control he would also have seen the sudden entrance of half a dozen colliers into the schoolroom, who, passing the school as the children came rushing out, gathered from some few of them an incoherent account of what had happened, which led them to rush into the schoolroom to learn the full truth. Of course, it was quite an unusual thing for them to do; but the circumstances were unusual, the flying children unusual, and the association of the agent's name by

the children with some unusual outrage upon the fireman's daughter, who was universally beloved and respected for her sweet disposition and purity of life, as well as for being one of themselves—one of the people—justified the men's unusual action. At least, that was what they would have said had it been put to them; but they acted impulsively, not waiting for "the native hue of resolution" to be "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

In they dashed. Rake Swinton was at the head of them, and George Ford but a few steps after Rake. Unfortunately for Stephen Grainger, the moment of their entrance was just the one in which he had roughly seized Rhoda's hand and was shouting angrily at her. A glance was sufficient for the men to take in the full character of the situation, and then, as hotly and impulsively as he had led the men into the room, Rake Swinton bounded up the schoolroom, seized the agent by the throat, and hurled him headlong to the floor.

"Brute!" he cried, and as the agent scrambled to his feet again Rake dealt him another terrible knock-down blow, from which he did not so quickly recover.

Then Rake Swinton turned to Rhoda. She was already seated on a chair, and George Ford was resting her head upon his shoulder.

"Water!" whispered George Ford.

"Water!" repeated Rake Swinton. "Stand back, chaps, and give her air. Open the windows—open the windows."

Some ran to open the windows. One of the under-teachers ran to get a glass of water; and in the general confusion no one seemed to observe that Stephen Grainger was slyly making his escape. The young teacher, however, who had gone for the water met him in the playground. All trembling and excited, she was hastening back again with the glass of water when the agent stopped her, took the glass from her hand, and deliberately emptied the contents on the ground. It was a fiendish act, but it accorded well with the agent's detestable character.

"Why don't you get clean water?" he said, leering sickeningly, as he thrust the glass back again into the astonished teacher's hand. "D'ye want to poison the poor thing with such filth as that?"

He did not give the young girl a chance of reply, if, indeed, her astonishment would have permitted it, but skulked away as quickly as possible. As he went through the now crowded streets, little children, seeing him approaching, ran away to hide, but when he passed came out from their hiding places and shouted after him derisively. At almost every footstep groups of excited people met him and loaded him with indignities and insults. Once again, in the vicious pursuit of his drastic reforms, Stephen Grainger realized that he had blundered, and, in blundering, he had got the worst of it. But the worst was not yet over, and, as the days went by and grew into weeks, he was made to feel this in all its bitter intensity.

Not for poor Rhoda was the worst over. Tenderly conducted home from school upon that fatal day by stalwart, grimy colliers, she had lain prostrated for nearly a whole week afterwards. The agent's dastardly conduct had told greatly upon her feeble system, and had almost shattered her poor nerves. So very low did the blow which had fallen upon her bring her that Doctor Shearer felt obliged to visit her twice a day, while every evening, as the shadows fell, the doctor's assistant was admitted to her sick room and stayed with her hours together;

stayed so long with her at times that visitors calling to inquire after her state of health marvelled at the young doctor's protracted consultations and devoted attentions. But at the end of a week Rhoda was able to come down-stairs again, and to sit in the parlour. Then a sudden brightening of the weather during those opening days of December enabled her to get out a little in the sunshine, and everywhere she went groups of children and other sympathizers gathered round her, to greet her and to welcome her amongst them again. But she was far from being properly well; indeed, was destined never to be properly well again, and to fade quietly away from the midst of the people whom she loved, and who loved her, as quietly as did those bright December days.

Not yet, however.

All this time the school was closed. In high dudgeon the agent had advertised for a fresh mistress to fill Rhoda's place, and several had been appointed from time to time, and had come to Trethyn filled with good hopes of the future. But a single day's experience had been sufficient for each of them. Armed with the authority of the agent, the newcomers had gone down to the school to re-open it, but had soon learned the truth of the vacancy. And, after waiting a few hours in the schoolroom, while not a single scholar darkened the door (for such was the fact, the people of Trethyn having with one consent agreed not to permit their children to return to the school as long as the agent was connected with it), like sensible ladies as they were, went back to their lodgings, quickly repacked their boxes, and took the next train from Trethyn home again.

This was a very serious state of affairs indeed, and, to make matters worse, the strike had begun. All the efforts of the miners towards arbitration with the agent had failed, and hundreds of men now hung idly about the streets. With such vast numbers out of work, and the streets packed from morning to night with hungry men who might at any moment break out into rioting, it was hardly the thing for so many children to be free. Accordingly the rector intervened and made overtures to the people to send their children back to school. But they would not hear of it. Then the rector suggested a new school, with Rhoda as mistress.

"In what building would you hold it?" asked more than one of the men.

"The only suitable place," said the rector, "is our schoolroom, which we only use now for a Sunday-school. That would suit for the present."

"A sprat to catch a mackerel," was the general verdict, "the thin end of the wedge of clerical domination," and so that suggestion, too, was rejected, though most unjustly, and the consequence was that the streets continued to be filled with excited men, women and children.

Stephen Grainger grew alarmed. and the local authorities, mindful of the former riot of the miners, when they burned down the agent's house, prepared for a repetition of that terrible scene. First, Superintendent James' small force was augmented and strengthened by the temporary addition of other officers from neighbouring parishes, then special constables were sworn in, and Captain St. Henry was asked to keep his regiment in readiness for service at a moment's notice.

By the end of December hundreds of people were famishing. True, relief committees had been formed, and, for a certain time, the

men had received strike pay from their union; but the funds soon ran out, and hundreds of families were reduced to absolute beggary. Then the heavy snows came; such snowstorms, followed by such hard frosts, had not been experienced for many years, and people were starving from cold. Christmas came. Not the "merry Christmas" of the magazines and annuals, but a barren, bitter, starving Christmas, in which no geese or turkeys roasted before the household fires of Trethyn, but gaunt famine stared the people in the face. Still the agent was relentless and unbending, and still the men held out. Sir Charles Montgomery came over from Bucklands Park and pleaded for the people, but it was all in vain. Lawyer Jeffries called upon the agent and tried to show him the folly of his actions.

"You are ruining the estate," he said.

"I've not caused the strike," was the reply.

"You've reduced the men's wages."

"Certainly," said the agent, "and am I not within my rights? May I not act as I think best for the good of Trethyn?"

"You're not acting for the good of Trethyn," retorted the lawyer, "you're acting from miserable resentment. And you're doing your best to bring the estates into the market. Do you think, sir, that Trethyn can always keep up these heavy demands on its revenues?"

"What demands?" queried the agent.

"What demands!" exclaimed the lawyer scornfully. "Do you dare ask me what demands, as if you were ignorant of them? The exacting demands of Mr. Arthur Bourne Trethyn, sir, who, while he is robbing this people here—"

"Robbing!" sneered the agent.

"Yes, robbing, sir," sharply replied the lawyer; "what else would you call it? It is daylight robbery, in which you, sir, are assisting your perfidious master."

"Mr. Jeffries," said the agent blandly, but there was a strong undercurrent of passion also manifest in his tone, "you're a lawyer, and are supposed to know a thing or two. Have you ever come across it in your reading that the libeller shall have his tongue plucked out?"

Lawyer Jeffries stared at the agent in sheer amazement, as if he were unable to grasp the full force of the man's audacity.

"I speak metaphorically, of course," explained the agent, with a sickly attempt at a gracious smile.

"Dear me," cried the lawyer, now having recovered himself, "I did not think you were a man of metaphors, but one of those sensible, practical men who could only find time to ride roughshod over the feeble and poor. But since you ask it, yes, sir, I've read of the libeller—"

"You have?" quickly put in Stephen Grainger, "then I'm all the more surprised at you."

"Perhaps you'll wait, sir, until I've finished my sentence. I was about to remark that I've not only heard of the libeller, but a libeller, too, and since Miss Rhoda Roberts is now comparatively well again it may be my duty to tell you and the others what I know. The libeller's tongue shall be plucked out, you say. Metaphorically, of course," went on the lawyer, with biting sarcasm. "Very well, sir; I thank you for the word."

Stung to madness, Stephen Grainger raged furiously. But he soon found that he now had a different person to deal with than the usual ones over which he was so fond of exercising his authority, and that the imperturbable lawyer only laughed at his ravings.

"Look here, Grainger!" exclaimed the lawyer at length, adopting a candid air and tone much in contrast to his cynical laughter, "I want to know what you are going to do for those people. Come now."

"What do you mean?"

"Mean! Why, I mean that the people are starving, and I want to know in what way you are—"

"As far as I am concerned," said the agent, interrupting him, "they can resume work any day."

"But you know very well they won't."

"Then let them starve, I say," replied the agent, "and that's an end of it. If they foolishly choose to leave their work, I've nothing further to say."

"And you won't help them? By relieving their hunger, I mean."

"No."

And Lawyer Jeffries' pleadings were all of no avail. Stephen Grainger was resolved to reduce the men of Trethyn to the lowest possible pitch.

But things were growing desperate, and could not much longer be tamely submitted to. At the rate they were then going it was plain to all observant men that human nature could not restrain its fierce and ugly passions for many more days, but must soon break forth in very madness of despair.

Sooner, however, than most men thought; Rake Swinton was the first to rouse the slumbering passions of the hearts of the men of Trethyn. He was standing in a corner of the Garter Clubroom, talking earnestly to a few similar spirits to himself upon this very subject, and had found they were all of the same mind as himself.

"Chaps," he said, "things be growing terrible desperate."

"They be," was the general assent.

"And whatever else happens we cannot clem" (starve).

"We're a'most clemmed now," replied several of the men.

"Then how must the poor children feel?" skilfully queried Rake.

"Aye, you're right there, Rake," said one of the men, a big, burly collier; "it's the women and the childer that feel this strike the most."

"And that be clemming," said Rake.

"And that be clemming," repeated the other.

"The question be, chaps," said Rake, "whether we're going to let them clem."

The men looked at Rake in amazement. What did he mean? How could he prevent it? If he were a millionaire, then he might feed the whole of the people of Trethyn, but he was just a poor starving man like themselves.

"Would ye help me, chaps," said Rake, "to get the childer bread?"

"Aye, that we would," replied several of them. "But how would ye do it, Rake? How can ye get the bread?"

"Listen," said Rake mysteriously, and then commenced to whisper cautiously, as if he feared the very walls might hear and blab out the plans he had formed.

"There be just six of us, all told," said Rake presently, "a nice number; but if there's a single man afraid let him say so now."

He paused a moment for a reply, but no one answered.

"Then you're all resolved?"

"We be," they whispered hoarsely.

"And we all promise solemnly to stand by each other?"

"Aye, aye."

"And never divulge our secrets?"

"Never."

"Nor, if one is taken—if any one of us be captured, we promise to be true to the brotherhood, and never, never divulge our doings?"

"We promise," said the men.

"Solemnly, before God?"

They joined their hands together, and each one promised solemnly to keep the secrets of their order even until death.

"Very well, then," said Rake, "I'm your man for anything. You know your orders?"

"Yes."

"Then caution's the word," said Rake, and the Black Brotherhood of Trethyn was thus inaugurated and formed.

That same evening more than a score of men passed rapidly from house to house through the streets of Trethyn, carrying large baskets and distributing bread-loaves to the starving people. Where had the loaves come from? That was the first question which rose to hundreds of lips, and which was not very satisfactorily answered by the distributors.

"We got them from the bakers."

"But how did you pay for them?"

"We didn't pay for them. We just went and fetched them."

"And what did the bakers say?"

"They didn't say anything. They just give us them."

These are a fair sample of the questions put to the distributors at almost every door by the wonder-stricken people.

And these were also questions put by the local authorities, but without much better success. Then Mr. Superintendent James went to the bakers themselves.

"This is a strange thing that is going on," he said to one of them, the largest public baker in Trethyn.

"Very," replied the baker, "wonderful."

"Can you explain it?"

"No."

"But are not these men distributing your loaves?"

"Oh, yes; but I cannot tell you anything about it."

"You mean you won't?"

"I mean I can't."

"Is there a conspiracy—— ?"

"What!" exclaimed the baker, interrupting him. "A conspiracy formed to give the people bread. You surely don't find fault with that?"

"But who pays for all this bread?"

"I'm sure I don't know, nor do I very much care. The coin I received is good, and that's all I desire to know."

"Then you are paid?"

"Yes, and paid in advance for a whole week's delivery of bread."

Superintendent James was staggered. In the whole course of his professional experience he had never known such an episode, and though he interviewed all the bakers in Trethyn he could find no clue to the mystery.

Disappointed, and not a little vexed, the superintendent turned his steps again in the direction of the police station.

"Clearly a case for Carlyle," he said, as he went slowly along. "When I get back I'll send for him. Nay, I'll go and see him at once."

In a little cellar in one of the small cottages of Trethyn, with the door wide open, and a smoking oil-lamp lighting the dingy room, sat an apparently middle-aged cobbler mending a pair of shoes. His last was fixed between his knees, and he was hammering away as if for dear life. A woman was standing near waiting for the shoes.

"You said you would be sure to have them finished by five o'clock, and it's past seven now," she said.

"Couldn't be helped, missus," said the cobbler, "I've been busy with other work."

"Who gives you work?" she cried sarcastically.

"You do, ma'am," said the cobbler sprightly.

"And it'll be the last," she replied scornfully. "Fellows like you as can't keep your word

oughter be served like the poor colliers."

"No, ma'am," said the cobbler; "don't get riled, and I'll tell you a secret."

"Keep your secrets," she said saucily.

"But if I tell you," he said sarcastically, "it'll save advertising expenses. Look here, ma'am, this is the last pair of boots I'll ever mend. I'm going to retire."

She turned up her nose in derision.

"It's quite true, ma'am. I have done with cobbling forever. A rich uncle in Australia has just died and left me a fortune."

"Go on with your lies," she said. "How much be the boots?" They were now done, and he was wrapping them up in a piece of newspaper.

"Nothing, ma'am."

"Nothing!"

"Should a man of fortune charge for such a small thing as this, Mrs. Powers?"

"But are you really downright in earnest?"

"Of course I am," he said; "and that just reminds me, Mrs. Powers, I owe your husband five shillings."

Mrs. Powers opened her eyes in widest astonishment, and was just about to reply, when, lo, Mr. Superintendent James, of the Trethyn police force, walked into the cellar. Now the woman's eyes opened in still greater wonder.

"You've come about that fortune of mine?" at once queried the cobbler, facing the superintendent. "Very well, sir, take a seat. Good evening, Mrs. Powers, and don't forget to give your husband the five shillings."

Before she scarcely had time to turn round he had shown her through the door and had closed it upon her. But she was not offended at his unceremonious proceeding; she was too grateful to him for his goodness, and she went straight from the mean little workshop to sound his praises in everybody's ears.

"That woman may be of use to us," said the cobbler to the superintendent, now throwing off his mask, and appearing as the veritable Carlyle, the famous detective; "it's always best to make such people your friends."

"Carlyle," said the superintendent, coming at once to the object of his visit, "have you heard of this mysterious bread distributing?"

The detective laughed heartily.

"I have," he said.

"What do you make of it?"

"If you ask me what do I think of it," he said, "I may tell you that I think some one has heavily paid for it."

"Who?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Not in the slightest."

"No? Stephen Grainger, then, you may rely upon it."

"What makes you think that?"

"That is my guess," replied the detective, and Superintendent James, knowing well the shrewdness of the detective, was content to be satisfied with it.

And the clever detective was right. Stephen Grainger had paid for the bread—paid for it at the urgent demands of the Black Brotherhood, six mysterious gentmen who had yet to have many other commercial transactions with the agent of the Trethyn estates.

Cease, every joy, to glimmer in my mind,
But leave,—O, leave, the light of hope behind!
What though my wingèd hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between.

—*Campbell.*

AN IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTION TO SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY. *

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.

Chancellor of Victoria University.

Dr. Harris, of Yale University, is already well known in the theological world by two important works. "The Philosophical Basis of Theism" and "The Self-Revelation of God." The two introductory chapters of the present work review and bring up to date many of the questions treated at length in the preceding volumes. The author then proceeds in the first volume to develop the doctrine of God as the absolute Spirit, as Creator and as Lord of All in Providential Government. He introduces his work by discussing the importance of the intellectual element in religion, taking very strongly the ground that religion cannot be founded on dogma imposed by external authority. Dogmatism, intolerance, bigotry, and assumptions of right to authority over men's consciences have often been associated with religion, as errors have often crept into science and philosophy; but they do not belong to the true spirit of religion, and should only be purged away. So, also, false tendencies in theology to excessive definition and explication resulting in fine-spun distinctions and mere logomachies, are noted as things that are passing out of the Christian Church with other remnants of mediævalism.

Much more dangerous because still strongly entrenched in our modern theological method is the tendency to false literalism and a disintegrating verbal interpretation of Scripture. Dr. Harris gives some amusing instances of this which sound like not very reverent clerical jokes, as, for example, the bishop who always wore white, and when asked why he wore a colour so unsuitable for a bishop, quoted the Scripture command, "Let thy garments be always white." Dr. Harris rightly contends for a broad historical interpretation as well as for the right of reason to receive revelation rationally. Reason, as well as our moral and spiritual powers, must be exercised to its full capacity in the reception of the divine revelation.

The importance of the historical sense is likewise emphasized. "We are, indeed, heirs of all the ages, but we must take possession of our inheritance." "A pigmy on the shoulders of a giant can see further than the giant; but it is only on condition that he climb upon the giant's shoulder." Here again our author gives some most striking illustrations of the value of the historical method in the pursuit of theological studies. Passing from these general considerations of intellectual method, we are next warned against some prevalent misconceptions of the Divine method of revelation. He begins by insisting on the most important fact that the primitive revelation of God is not through an intellectual process, but by what he terms a spontaneous belief.

We remember how conclusively Richard Watson asserted the same fact more than sixty years ago, on the ground that man without religion, *i.e.*, the knowledge of God, is utterly incapable of the philosophical investigation by which it was supposed that originally knowledge of God might have been obtained. Now the revelation of God to man's religious capacity, his faith, is recognized by all except a few ul ra-rationalists, and the agnostics and materialists, as the foundation not only of all true religion, but as the impulse which creates even philosophy itself.

We might, however, dissent somewhat from the designation of this primal experience as a "spontaneous belief." Such a designation does not, we think, sufficiently emphasize the validity of this belief as an apprehension of truth, nor does it seem to us to describe accurately its mode of origin. This faith which thus apprehends God arises, not accidentally but in the presence of the works of God, just as our conception of power arises in our exercise of will. It is a direct spiritual apprehension of a spiritual reality manifestly present. The fact to which we thus call attention is by no means ignored by Dr. Harris. In fact, he does abundant justice to it in his next section, in which he posits as the basis of

* "God the Creator and Lord of All." By Samuel Harris, D D., LL.D., Professor of Systematic Theology in Yale University. Vols. I. and II. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1894.

this "spontaneous belief" "God's action revealing himself to men."

But again we think he leans a little too much to the intellectual when he says, "The spontaneous belief in God is defined, verified and developed by investigation in the light of reason," etc. Doubtless in this process of definition and verification, and perhaps indirectly in the "development" of religious faith, intellectual investigation has its office, but it by no means stands alone. Faith itself has such a thing as a strong assurance, which is, if not clear definition of truth, at least a wonderful help to it. Faith also has a power of development, "from faith to faith," which when in living exercise does not wait for the slower processes of intellectual investigation. The whole development of religious truth in Scripture is through the intuition of faith rather than through intellectual investigation. Even in the process of verification which arises after scepticism has commenced to ask questions, our moral and æsthetic nature comes into play as well as the process of intellectual investigation.

A most valuable thought of this chapter is the clear definition, after Bushnell, of nature and the supernatural. Nature to him is the realm of necessary law. The supernatural is the realm of will and moral law. Man thus belongs to the supernatural on the higher side of his being, to nature on the lower. He touches and can know both. The supernatural being is that which can control and use nature, and his presence is manifest by such use and control. Hence arises at once the proper definition and the true use of miracle. It is the power which does not violate, or suspend, or contradict the laws of nature, but commands and controls them. Its object is to reveal the presence of God, where men have become blind to the usual manifestations of that presence.

Another important section of this chapter deals with the Bible as the revelation of God. He regards it as a "misconception that God's revelation of himself consists solely of messages given to inspired prophets to be by them communicated to men, and that the Bible is merely the record of these messages written without error under the direct inspiration of God." He discusses at length the various difficulties which arise from this view. These difficulties he proposes to remove by making prominent in revelation the living activity of the personal God. Revelation is thus a process by which God reveals *himself*, not mere abstract truth, to the hearts of all men. Prophets and apostles were but the first recipients of that unfolding revelation of God which culminated in Jesus Christ and in the baptism of Pentecost. The power of the Spirit by which they first apprehended the new manifestation of God in Christ was doubtless unique, but the same spirit in all succeeding ages must continue to reveal God in each individual heart.

This, which we think is the author's view, we should cordially endorse, but should supplement it by a doctrine of "the Word" given to those men for the world, and created first as a spoken, and then as a written, word by the agency of this same revealing Spirit. But this Word must not be reduced to a mere form of words or separated from the living preaching of all the ages with the power of the Holy Ghost.

We have already exhausted the limits of space for a book review and find ourselves only on the threshold of this great work. We shall only glance at two points further, his discussion of the doctrine of the Trinity, and his exposition, occupying the greater part of the second volume of moral government and law. The doctrine of the Trinity is discussed from two sides, the philosophical and the practical. On the first the thesis is maintained that "the doctrine of the Trinity presents to the intellect the clearest, most comprehensive and reasonable idea of God and of His relations to the universe." The harmony of the personal and the absolute is of course the fundamental point in this discussion, though the author also touches the question of the eternal activity of the Divine Being within his own being and independent of creation. We think it not too much to say that the position here taken constitutes the only philosophy which can be harmonized with the facts of our modern science. The final division of the book is itself a treatise on what might be termed religious ethics. It brings into the closest unity the principles of ethics and of religion, making all duty a part of religion, and religion the perfection of all duty. We can most heartily commend this work to our young ministry as an exceedingly able and complete introduction to the best modern theology.

METHODISM AND LITERATURE.

In his, in many respects, excellent article on "Methodist Saints and Martyrs," reprinted in our January number from the *Contemporary Review*, the Rev. Mr. Nightingale does less than justice to the literary activity of Methodism. Richard Watson, he admits, is distinctly nearer to Jeremy Taylor than any nineteenth-century theological writer. But he completely ignores the many other Methodist writers who have rendered important service to Christian scholarship. We cannot attempt to give here an exhaustive list of such writers, but the great commentaries of Clarke, of Benson, of Coke, of Whedon, and of Beet, will occur to every mind. The theological writings of Dr. Pope, Dr. Davidson, Dr. Rigg, Bishop Foster, Bishop Hurst, Bishop Warren, Prof. Harman, Dr. Terry, Dr. Miley, Prof. Ridgaway, Prof. Little, Dr. Crooks, Drs. McClintock and Strong, the authors of the best theological encyclopædia extant, are only a few of the numerous names of Methodist contributors to theological literature.

No Church has ever done more to develop, often amid unpropitious circumstances, high literary culture and profound learning. Not in cloistered colleges or alcoved libraries, nor amid the learned leisure of sinecure professorships, were the works of Watson, Benson, and Adam Clarke produced, but amid the absorbing occupations of an active ministry; for the Methodist preacher must be no pale recluse in a monastic cell, but a man of affairs, even more than a man of books.

John Wesley refers to one of his helpers, Thomas Walsh, previously an Irish Roman Catholic, who, though dying young, acquired a critical knowledge of English, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. He could tell, says Wesley, not only how often any word occurred in the Bible, but what it meant in each place.

The Methodist Episcopal Church alone had, in 1897, fifty-three colleges and universities, twenty-five theological institutes, sixty-four classical seminaries, besides 101 foreign missionary schools and institutes, with a total value of grounds and buildings of $16,739,788, a total endowment of $13,497,465, and a total debt of $1,710,384. Add to these the similar institutions of the other Methodisms of the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, and a total is reached far ahead of any other Church in Christendom. This, too, is the creation almost entirely of the present half-century, and not an inheritance from pious benefactors of former ages, like Oxford and Cambridge. These, moreover, belong really to the whole nation and not to the Church which has till recently claimed the exclusive right to administer them.

But especially in diffusing religious reading among the people is Methodism from Wesley's day the pioneer and the most active agent. The Methodist Episcopal Church alone publishes thirty distinct periodicals under its official imprint. Besides these are many unofficial. Its publishing houses in New York and Cincinnati are the largest and most successful in the world. Beginning with $600 of borrowed capital one hundred years ago, their sales in the last fifty years have amounted to over $60,000,000. Our own Canadian Church publishes thirteen periodicals and has eleven colleges or universities.

Methodism believes in the widest literary culture as well as in the most vital religious experience. First of all the Churches it organized comprehensive reading courses for its two millions of Epworth Leaguers, as Bishop Vincent had previously organized that great literary propaganda, the Chautauqua Assembly, the Chautauqua University, and the Chautauqua Reading Circles.

The list of John and Charles Wesley's writings fill over twenty closely-printed double-column pages in Steven's "History of Methodism."

BOOKS.

The pleasant books, that silently among
Our household treasures take familiar places,
And are to us as if a living tongue
Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces!

—*Longfellow.*

WHITE MAN'S AFRICA.*

From "White Man's Africa." Copyright, 1897, by Harper & Brothers.

STREET SCENE IN CAPE TOWN.

The wonderful development of Central and Southern Africa within the last few years is one of the most fascinating stories in history. The British nation has but recently awakened to the importance of its vast African inheritance. "In 1854, the Orange Free State," says our author, "was deliberately cut adrift by the British Government and compelled to organize independently. We hear many complaints against John Bull as one rather prone to absorb land on slight provocation, but in South Africa he has shamefully belied the current opinions about him. Forty years ago so little did this Boer State desire separation that it sent a deputation to England begging that it might be allowed to remain under the British flag."

This was, however, refused, and the British troops and officials were withdrawn. Thus was given up a country nearly as large as all England. In 1896,

* "White Man's Africa." By Poultney Bigelow. Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville and from photographs. 8vo, pp. xvi.–269. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs.

Mr. Bigelow made a visit, at the instance of the Harpers' Publishing House, for the study of the White Man's Africa, its problems and its prospects. He had the best of introductions to "Oom Paul," the Governor of Cape Colony, and other notables.

He studied the country thoroughly, and gives his impressions in a fresh and vigorous manner. He reviews the Dutch and Portuguese progress in South Africa, the causes of the "Great Trek," and es-

any capital, for it is a substantial and very well proportioned building, excellently situated for architectural effect. The British Government treats its Governor so well that it is able to secure excellent men to fill this position. Sir Hercules Robinson receives a salary as large as that of the President of the United States, and has besides an official residence, not perhaps so large, but infinitely more comfortable.

"Cape Town appeared to me an exceed-

From "White Man's Africa." Copyright, 1897, by Harper & Brothers.

BOER WOMEN HELPING TO DEFEND A LAAGER.

trangement of the Boers from the British, the Jameson Raid, and the like. He describes Natal as a "Colonial Paradise," whose marvellous development, delightful climate, and material and social progress command his admiration. He writes thus of his visit to Cape Town:

"It was worth nine thousand miles of steamship travel to be present in Cape Town at the opening of Parliament, which took place the day after my arrival, about the first of May, 1896. The Cape House of Parliament would be an ornament to

ingly well-managed place, so far as municipal government was concerned. It is a most cosmopolitan city, not merely because of the Malays in their turbans and flowing silk robes, the blacks, Hindus, and half-breeds jostling one another on the streets, but because of the many different kinds of white people passing through here on their way to the gold-fields of the Transvaal, or the diamond-mines of Kimberley. Being a great seaport, one sees plenty of seafaring faces of many nations rolling up and down the

main street; and being at the same time an important naval and military station for Great Britain, another picturesque element is made up of the gay uniforms of soldiers and sailors. There are plenty of excellent cabs here, all painted white, and driven by men of every colour, the brown being predominant."

The author pays a splendid tribute to the valour of the Boers in their conflict with the Zulus as follows:

"Towards the close of 1837 nearly a thousand wagons had descended over the Draaksberg and spread themselves over a rich and almost uninhabited country, anticipating here a settled home for

themselves and their children. Several thousand Zulus sprang upon the defenceless white men with assegais and knobkirries, and massacred them almost before they could draw their hunting-knives. Their dead bodies were dragged out and thrown upon a heap of bones marking where other victims of Dingaan had fed the birds of prey.

"Most men would have been discouraged by this experience of Zulu hospitality, but not so these Dutch Afrikanders. They at once organized an expedition to prove once more that one white man is not merely the equal of ten, but, if necessary, of one hundred negroes. The English community at Port Natal volunteered their assistance, and together they marched upon the head-quarters of the Zulu army. The English were surprised and massacred almost to a man not far from the present town of Durban, and the Zulus followed so rapidly upon the one or two Europeans who escaped that there was barely time for the people at the port to take refuge on board a ship lying at anchor before Dingaan's army swooped down upon the town and carried away all the cattle to be found. This happened less than sixty years ago, where now stands one of the most beautiful cities in the world, containing public buildings which may be compared favourably with those of any city of our country, and surrounded by beautiful residences inhabited by prosperous and wealthy merchants.

"But on the 16th of December, 1838, the god of battles gave the Boers a glorious victory, though they were but four hundred and sixty, while the army of Dingaan rushed upon them twelve thousand strong. For three hours the blacks made rush upon rush, trying to break through their improvised fort of wagons. The Dutchmen fought with characteristic coolness and courage—women and children loading the muskets, and the men shooting with precision. The day was finally decided by a cavalry charge of two hundred Boers, who slipped out at the rear of the encampment, and, dividing

into two squadrons, rushed in upon the flanks of the negroes and frightened them into a panic. Dingaan fled with his cowardly crew, and left three thousand Zulu corpses behind. He reached his capital safely, burned every building in the place, and then ran on to conceal himself with the remnant of his army in the forests. It was a wonderful victory, this glorious Dingaan's Daag, and no wonder that the Boers celebrate it with a thanksgiving once a year. And it should be a day dear to all Afrikanders of every nationality, for Dingaan was the common enemy of all white men, and he united Dutch as well as English against his treachery and cruelty."

Great Britain has shown herself in Africa, as elsewhere, as the greatest organizer of empire the world has ever seen. The influence of British rule has been to make life and liberty throughout vast regions of recent barbarism as safe as it is in the city of New York. Although the liquor traffic and slave trade has greatly demoralized individuals and communities, yet the influence of the British authorities and the missionaries have done much to the suppression of both.

The World's Progress.

A Year of Grace.

The New York *Independent* annually gives a religious review of the year. Its statistics for 1897 are very encouraging and suggestive. The number of religious communicants in the nation is 25,919,027, a net gain during the year of 630,951. And this after allowing for the many thousands who have passed away from life or lapsed from Christian fellowship.

The Roman Catholics, as might be expected from large immigration from Catholic countries, are the most numerous—8,347,218. Next come the Methodists, divided, unfortunately, into seventeen distinct groups. They number 5,735,898, an increase of 77,616. Next come the Baptists, in thirteen bodies, 4,157,300, an increase of 40,071. Next the Lutherans, in twenty-one bodies, 1,507,466. These are largely Methodistic, or at least Arminian, in doctrine. Then follow the Presbyterians, in twelve bodies, 1,490,162, an increase of 29,816. The Disciples of Christ are over a million. The Protestant Episcopal, 667,000, and the Congregationalists, 630,000, follow. It is curious that these two bodies, almost the first to occupy the field in the United States and distinguished by wealth and culture, have not made greater relative progress.

The Protestant Episcopals report a decrease of four churches, but an increase of 21,837 members. The Unitarians report no increase in membership, but a decrease of three churches. The Universalists report a decrease of twenty-four ministers. The comparative failure of Unitarianism is explained by the frank admission of the Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale: "The Unitarians take literally the instruction of the Saviour that we shall not scatter seed by the wayside. They ridicule the enterprise of those evangelical boards that publish what they call 'Wayside Tracts.' They suppose that the Saviour of men knew what He meant when He said that the fowls of the air devoured such seed; in interpreting the parable He said that that meant that the devil got hold of it."

In their practice the Unitarians certainly depart from that of our Lord, who preached by the wayside, on the sea-shore, on the hill-top, and wherever He could get an audience; and they misinterpreted His parable. They go avowedly to the cultured centres and leave it to the Methodists and Baptists to do the hard work of following the pioneers to the frontiers of civilization, of preaching to the coloured races in the Black Belt, and the degraded and vicious foreign element in the slums of the cities.

Among the curiosities of the *Independent* census are some odd sects. The smallest of these are the Altruists, twenty-five in number, and the Separatists and Harmony Communists, 200 and 250 respectively; the Schweinfurthians, 384; the Friends of the Temple, 340; the Schwenkfeldians—whatever they are,—306; and the Waldenstromians. The Jews number 143,000, less than we expected, but three times as many as those in the whole of Palestine.

Among the thirteen kinds of Baptists we note the "Old Two-seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarian," but we miss the Washfoot Baptists (coloured), of Florida.

The Mennonites, though numbering only 54,544, are divided into twelve communities, including the Amish, the Old Amish, the Old Wisler, the Defenceless, the Bruederhoef and others.

The Lutherans divide largely on national lines, as Norwegian in five sections, the German and Augsburg, the Finnish, Icelandic, Danish, and Slovatian.

The tenacity with which some of these sects retain their microscopic differences would be amusing were it not so pitiful. The Covenanted Presbyterians can find no place for fellowship with the million and a half of Presbyterian brotherhood, but maintain a separate existence with one minister and thirty-seven members.

The smallest Methodist body is the Congregational Coloured Methodist Church, with 319 members. Surely there is no need of seventeen different kinds of Methodists in the United States. If they and the twelve kinds of Presbyterians would only follow the Canadian example, much greater economy of men and means might be secured.

The Chinese Question.

The action of Great Britain in the Chinese waters makes us more than ever proud of the great sea power whose long arm can reach around the world and vindicate her rights in China and Corea. At Russian instigation her financial agent in Corea, J. McLeavy Brown, was supplanted by a Russian officer. A British fleet appeared at Chemulpo, the port of Seoul, and Mr. Brown was reinstated. While maintaining her treaty rights in the far East, Great Britain disdains to take part in the partition of China—as unwarranted as the partition of Poland, the political crime of the eighteenth century—although the *North-Western Christian Advocate* has this already accomplished on the map. She is more likely to act as the protector of China against lawless spoliation.

Germany, which witnessed the massacre of a hundred thousand Christians in Armenia, and would not risk a single Pomeranian grenadier for their succour—like Saul holding the clothes of those who stoned Stephen—makes a pretext of the wreck of a German mission and the death of two Catholic missionaries to seize a Chinese port and territory. Indemnity for the destruction of our Canadian missions was promptly secured by Great Britain without a word of brag or bluster. Germany, France, and Russia close all ports that they control against the world—in West Africa, in Madagascar, and in the wide regions over which the double-headed eagle broods. Great Britain opens them to all the world without distinction. Hence, she has the sympathy of all the other commercial powers—the United States, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Belgium, Holland, Denmark. "If we ask freedom of trade," said Mr. Balfour, at Manchester, "it is not for England alone, but for the whole world."

The New York *Times* pays a glowing tribute to the beneficence of British rule throughout her colonial Empire. It says that Britain has "spread the gospel of industrial institutions in many savage lands, and has showed that she has wonderful fitness for the work," and it adds, "She is a wise and open-minded trader. Her commercial policy invites the whole world to compete for her custom."

The *Canadian-American*, of Chicago, says: "Britain, in claiming equal rights for all, is fighting the battle of the American merchants and traders as well as that of her own subjects. There is no policy of grab or aggression about Britain's present position on the Chinese question. She leads the nations in an object lesson of fair play, that speaks well for the progress of civilization and enlightened commerce. Britain, with her irresistible navy, could easily force China to concede anything she wants, but she prefers to take the equitable course of asking simply equal rights with other favoured nations."

The Russians are wintering their fleet at Port Arthur, the point of the peninsula opposite Teng-Chow, commanding the Gulf of Pechili. The Germans have obtained a lease of Kiau-Chau for fifty years only, instead of for the ninety-nine years which they demanded. The British for many years have had a concession at Hong Kong, on the southern border of China, and the Portuguese at Macao, a little to the east The French, it is said, have seized the large island of Hainan, on the south coast. At Shanghai the British and Americans have concessions laid out like a European city. In the British quarter are shipyards, machine shops, and dry docks. The English and Americans have more missions and missionaries, those advance guards of civilization, than all other nations, while British commerce is nearly twice as great as that of all other nations, and ten times as great as that of the United States.

John Bull's Bullion.

The Chinese loan has gone begging for some time. Russia, France, and Germany have been unable to find the money. John Bull's money-bags can furnish the bullion. As he wants no cession of territory, but merely freedom of trade for all the world, China would rather be his debtor than that of the Powers which demand a cession of territory with trade restricted to their own countrymen. Great Britain emerges from this incident with honour and increased influence. Germany seems, by her selfish swagger, to have secured only isolation for herself and aggrandizement for Britain.

The Race for Khartoum.

At the Lord Mayor's banquet in November, Lord Salisbury gave firm but courteous warning to France that any armed demonstration in Britain's sphere of influence on the Upper Niger or the Upper Nile would be regarded as an unfriendly act. A private French scientific and exploring expedition seems to have reached Fashoda, four hundred miles south of Khartoum, on the Nile. It is reported that the Madhists have formed an alliance with the French and that the Abyssinian Negus has joined them. This is highly improbable. Menelek will remember too well the British expedition under Lord Napier, which scaled the highlands of Abyssinia and captured its stronghold of Magdala.

We deem it absolutely certain that in the near future the tourist may traverse the length of Africa by British railway from Alexandria to Cape Town. The iron horse has already reached Buluwayo, but recently a Matabele stronghold, on its way north; and a railway is being pushed from the Nile across the Nubian desert, towards the south.

Disquieting rumours come of a revolt throughout the British Protectorate of Uganda, a region as large as the whole of France, but British missionaries and British merchants have pre-empted that region for Christianity and civilization.

Harold Frederic cables the New York *Times* respecting the French expedition on the Upper Nile:

"Those French exploring parties have been troubling John Bull's outlying parts like mosquitoes for years, and if they served any useful end on earth he could perhaps have schooled himself not to mind them. But they are the sheerest perverse foolishness conceivable. The French have pre-empted hundreds of thousands of square miles in Africa which they have made not the slightest attempt to colonize nor to develop in any way, but with which no one dreams of interfering. Solely to keep quiet an ignorant little gang of the demagogues of the deputies and editors in Paris, the French Government has connived ever since M. Hanotaux was in office, at expeditions under French officers wandering round toward the great lakes and tributaries of the Nile in a territory expressly declared and understood to be in the British sphere of influence, for no conceivable purpose but to exasperate the English. Well, at last they have fairly succeeded.

"If Marchand, with his handful of whites and his two toy steamers, is really up on the Nile at Fashoda, it will be better for him to stay there, for if the English advance comes across him there will be complications that will not be easily settled without blows."

Are Ironclads Hostages of Peace?

Many persons regard with apprehension the increase in the navies of the great nations. They regard them as a sort of stormy petrel—a harbinger of war. There is another view of the case. They may really be hostages for the maintenance of peace. They are so costly in their construction, and require such time and engineering skill and immense plant for their replacement, that the Great Powers will hesitate long before precipitating a naval battle. They will make this final appeal only when the resources of diplomacy are exhausted.

A sea-fight is so deadly and destructive that rival fleets may well shrink from hostile encounter. A half-hour may see a dozen huge sea-krakens, costing many millions of pounds, hopelessly wrecked or sunk. A well-directed shell, an unseen torpedo, a successful ram may send one to the bottom. Such a loss is equivalent to the destruction of an army corps and can less readily be replaced.

In this deadly game Great Britain has the decided advantage of preponderance of ships, of facilities for ship building, and of coal depots for their maintenance at sea. For many years they have fired no shot in war, save the unhappy and inglorious participation in shelling the forts of the Christian Cretes. Their duty has been to police the seas, to suppress the slave trade of Mozambique, the piracy of the Malay and Chinese

waters, and in the protection of Britain's argosies of commerce which whiten all the seas. *Esto perpetua*—may this ever be their mission of peace."

Malicious Caricature.

The sense of humour is an invaluable gift. From the days of Aristophanes down to those of Bengough your humourist has sharpened his arrows to shoot folly as it flies. Often there is no keener or more effective weapon than the shafts of wit. But they may become, in reckless hands, arrows barbed with hate which rankle in the soul instead of merely tickling the humour. We have received the announcement of a volume of cartoons by Homer G. Davenport, with an introduction by the Hon. John J. Ingles. The specimen cartoon shows a sardonic and brutal-looking Uncle Sam —an outrage upon that generally good-natured fellow—loading his old gun for another shot at brother John Bull. In the background are burly effigies of John Bull, labelled 1776 and 1812, thoroughly peppered and punctured with shot, while a third frightened effigy is cowering before another threatened attack. This wretched caricature is not even funny and outrages the sentiment of both countries, which is at bottom predisposed to peace and good-will. It can do no earthly good, and may do much harm. Like one who scatters firebrands, arrows, and death, and says, "Am I not in sport?" so is the man who thus seeks to stir up strife and bitterness between two friendly people.

Another recent cartoon represents Great Britain as joining with the other Great Powers in rending a poor Chinaman limb from limb. This is grossly untrue. She is rather the only power that unselfishly extends the shield of its protection over Yellow John. It is to the credit of Bengough, our Canadian caricaturist, that his cartoons, even in pointing out international follies and foibles, are genial and good-natured, provoking only mirth, never bitterness.

The following rebuke to Jingoism appears in New York *Puck:*

Jingo Boy.—"What are you throwing stones at our flag for?"

European Boys.—"We're not throwing stones!"

Jingo Boy.—"Well, why aren't you?"

The Manitoba School Question Buried.

The encyclical of Leo XIII. on the Manitoba School Question is a very mild document indeed. In very different terms would have been one of Leo X. or even Pius IX. Bishop McCleary and Archbishop Langevin might well imitate the moderation of its utterance. The Manitoba School Question is dead and buried, and all the influence of the hierarchy cannot galvanize it into life again. Leo Thirteenth's reference to Protestants indicates a Christian spirit in the head of the Church worthy of imitation by all its clergy. The hardest word he has for them is "our separated brethren." Let Bishop McCleary imitate him. *O si sic omnes.*

The Methodist Mecca.

London Methodism has achieved another magnificent triumph. For some years considerable debt, amounting to over $12,000, has been hanging over City Road Chapel, the mother church of Methodism. A few weeks ago a generous offer was made by some as yet anonymous donor, as far as we know, if this debt were paid off before the New Year, to endow the premises with $25,000 to maintain them forever as memorial of John Wesley and museum of Wesleyan incunabulæ, or relics of early Methodism.

Many generous gifts were offered, from $1,200 down to single shillings, and before the New Year all the debt was paid and $2,000 over. Thus was a thank-offering of nearly $40,000 contributed for the maintenance of this time-honoured church.

The disaster in London, Ont., whereby the New Year was saddened with sorrow, awakened the sympathy of the entire Dominion. It is a fresh proof of the solidarity of the Empire that a message of condolence promptly came from the Colonial Secretary, and one of tender sympathy from our beloved sovereign. It is but another illustration of how her mother heart shares the sorrows of her subjects throughout the Empire. The lesson for each one of us is, "Therefore be ye also ready."

But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
As round and round we run;

And the Truth shall ever come uppermost,
And Justice shall be done.

ROME RESTORED.*

THE "PARNASO," OR NYMPHÆUM, OF THE VILLA ALDOBRANDINI AT FRASCATI.

From Lanciani's "The Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome."

"The Goth, the Christian, Time, War,
Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
Where the car climbed the Capitol; far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site."

Rome is well apostrophized by Byron as the "city of the soul," "the Mecca of the mind," "the lone mother of dead empires." Nothing so strikes a tourist in his first ride through Rome as the utter desolation of those once proud abodes of imperial splendour. The scene of some of the most heroic achievements of the Republic and Empire is now a half-buried chaos of broken arch and column. For a thousand years these ruins have been the quarries and the lime-kilns for the monasteries and churches of the modern city, till little is left save the shadow of their former greatness. More utterly desolate than aught else are the pleasure palaces of the proud emperors of the world—the Golden House of Nero, the palaces of Tiberius, Caligula, the Flavii—monuments of the colossal vice which called down the wrath of Heaven on the guilty piles.

"Cypress and ivy, wind and wallflowers grown
Matted and massed together, hillocks heap'd

* "The Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome." A companion book for students and travellers. By Rodolfo Lanciani, D.C.L., LL.D., Professor of Ancient Topography in the University of Rome. Author of "Pagan and Christian Rome," "Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries," etc. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo, pp. xxiv.-619. 216 engravings. Price, $4.00.

On what were chambers, arch crush'd, column strewn
In fragments, choked-up vaults, and frescoes steep'd
In subterranean damps, where the owl peep'd,
Deeming it midnight."

Near by rise the cliff-like walls of the Colosseum, stern monument of Rome's Christless creed. Tier above tier rise the circling seats, whence twice eighty thousand cruel eyes gloated upon the dying martyr's pangs, "butchered to make a Roman holiday."

"A ruin—yet what ruin! From its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities have been rear'd;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton we pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd.
Hath it indeed been plundered or but clear'd?"

If one would comprehend the meaning of these impressive ruins he must have good guidance or they are but an unmeaning mass, little better than an abandoned stone quarry. Such guidance is furnished, as never before, in the admirable volume of Signor Rodolfo Lanciani. For many years he has made a special study of this fascinating subject. He is saturated with the literature of ancient and mediæval Rome. He can reconstruct from their ruins the ancient palaces and temples, just as Professor Owen, from a fragment of a bone, restores the saurians of the paleozoic past.

Professor Lanciani describes first the geological action by which the seven-hilled city was formed, then its streams and aqueducts, its walls and gates, its ancient and mediæval fortifications, and explains the process by which, through its successive sieges and dilapidations, Rome has been buried to a depth in places of over sixty feet. One can scarcely thrust in the spade without coming on the traces of antiquity. Thus in digging for the foundations of the new Methodist church, at a depth of nearly seventy feet, was found an ancient temple and some valuable marble statuary. It is this that makes the study of ancient Rome so difficult. Different strata and horizons of civilization have been buried one beneath another.

By his numerous maps, printed in colours, Professor Lanciani points out the succession of these various strata, and by his numerous illustrations and descriptions restores for us the varied past and makes that old world live again. The book is simply indispensable for the tourist who would comprehend the meaning of the mouldering mounds of ruin over which he walks. Here, for instance, is the Professor's description of the Domus Aurea, or Golden House of Nero, whose crumbling walls and broken arches rise so impressively above the Sacred Way.

"Of the wonders of the Golden House—a park one mile square laid out by Nero after the fire of July, 64—it is enough to say that it contained waterfalls, supplied by an aqueduct fifty miles long; lakes and ponds shaded by ancient trees, with harbours for the Imperial galleys; a vestibule with a bronze colossus 120 feet high; porticoes 3,000 feet long, farms and vineyards, pasture-grounds and woods teeming with game; zoological and botanical gardens; sulphur baths supplied from the Aquæ Albulæ; sea baths supplied from the Mediterranean; thousands of columns with capitals of Corinthian metal; hundreds of statues removed from Greece and Asia Minor; walls inlaid with gems and mother-of-pearl; banqueting halls with ivory ceilings, from which rare flowers and costly perfumes fell gently on the recumbent guests. More elaborate still was the ceiling of the state dining-hall. It is described as spherical in shape, carved in ivory so as to represent the starry skies, and kept in motion by machinery in imitation of the course of the stars and planets. Remains of this fairy-like establishment have been found during the last four centuries, wherever the proper depth was attained."

A score of pages, with maps and cuts, are devoted to the Colosseum, of which, eight hundred years ago, Bede, the British monk, wrote as paraphrased by Byron:

"While stands the Colosseum Rome shall stand,
When falls the Colosseum Rome shall fall,
And when Rome falls, the world."

The fall of the western half of this great structure gave rise to a hill of travertine and tufa, which it took five centuries and fifteen generations of stone-cutters and lime-burners to exhaust. The flora of the colosseum included 420 distinct species, whose mantling grace and beauty has all been scraped away, leaving the cliff-like walls bare and desolate. Our author describes the vaults and dens for wild beasts, and the cages, trap-doors, windlasses, and capstans by which they were raised to the level of the

arena. These were distinctly pointed out to the present writer and his party by Prof. Reynaud in Rome last July.

Signor Lanciani describes the Colosseum as the capital of a kingdom of its own, the centre of a vast administration for the collection of wild beasts, with branch offices in Syria, in Africa, and the Red Sea. It had its vivarium, a huge structure for guarding them, with its keepers, its hospital for wounded gladiators, and a morgue for dead ones, its arsenal for weapons, its barracks for marines for manœuvring the huge velarum, or awning, and a great army of dependents.

In like manner the Professor takes us through the Sacra Via, the forums, the palaces, the temples, the theatres, the early Christian churches, and the huge warehouses for grain, and oil, and wine, and salt, and lead, of which there were 250 in Rome, and the adjacent marble wharfs. In the very heart of this region rises Mont Testaccio, 115 feet in height, a huge mound of broken pottery, the dumping place of earthen jars which happened to be broken while unloading or on the way to the store-houses. A yearly tribute of 144,000,000 bushels of wheat was brought to Rome from Egypt.

Very many rich finds have been recovered from the bed of the Tiber—from flint arrow-heads of prehistoric times down to the weapons used in fighting the French in 1849, and from bronze statues to smallest articles of personal ornament. It is possible that the seven-branched candlestick and other spoils of Jerusalem may yet be found.

A remarkable find of 1883 was a terra-cotta jug containing 828 silver coins from the time of Alfred to Edmund.

The wreck and ruin of the marble city of Augustus is almost past belief. To construct the Aurelian wall to-day would cost $5,000,000, yet of the 381 towers on the ancient walls only one has been preserved at the present time. Hardly one ten-thousandth of the massive ancient buildings escaped destruction.

Many Roman trophies were carried by Genseric to Carthage, and afterwards by Belisarius to Constantinople. But much of the destruction of Rome was caused, not by the Goths and Vandals, but by the mediæval popes.

The building of St. Peter's is responsible for much of the ruin of old Roman structures for the marble they contained. In the Middle Ages the Forum and its surroundings disappeared altogether from the sight, and almost from the mind of the living.

The population of Rome in its prime has been absurdly exaggerated. Vossius claimed 14,000,000 inhabitants. Gibbon's estimate is 1,200,000, Lanciani's is about 1,000,000. In the year 1377, on the return of the popes from Avignon, there were only 17,000 survivors in the ruinous waste. Its present population is about half a million, having doubled in the twenty-eight years since it became the capital of Italy.

In constructing the railway station artistic bronze furniture was found in two or three Roman houses, valued at $30,000. In a single garden three thousand fragments of ancient sculpture were found.

Domitian constructed an enormous siphon of lead pipe a foot in diameter across a valley between two hills. At its lowest point, over 130 feet below its reservoir, the pressure must have been over sixty pounds to the square inch. It bore the stamp of Hymnus, the plumber. Septimus Severus built an aqueduct 1,300 feet long and 130 feet high on four lines of arches across a valley. A great lead pipe to supply the baths of Diocletian was nearly a mile long, and it contained 331 tons of metal. The Marcian aqueduct brought water nearly forty miles.

The colossal bronze statue of Nero was 120 feet high. The seven rays about the head were over eighteen feet long. It was moved by Hadrian to a site near the Colosseum by the help of twenty-four elephants.

No modern city can be compared with ancient Rome in the number of its public parks. The parks of London represent one thirty-ninth of its area. Those of Rome represented one-eighth.

One of the beautiful features of the Roman villas were the Nymphia, structures adorned with statues of the nymphs, and with fountains and waterfalls which afforded agreeable and refreshing coolness. The remains of some of these may still be seen, restored or reconstructed with much grace and beauty. The nymphæum of the Villa Aldobrandini will give an idea of these magnificent structures. Cascades of water flowed down the terraced steps and plashed and sparkled in the niches and fountains, strongly accented against the background of snowy marble and deep green foliage. Our engraving is one of the 216 which embellish this valuable volume.

Book Notices.

Equality. By EDWARD BELLAMY. Toronto: George N. Morang. Pp. 412.

Among the most pressing questions of the times are the economic questions. There is a social unrest throughout Christendom. This is manifested in gigantic strikes, in Nihilism and Anarchism, in Bryan campaigns, in Henry Georgism, and in the theories of Mr. Bellamy. A favourite method of the social reformer, from the time of More's "Utopia" down, is to project his theory in the form of a story describing ideal conditions in the far future. Bellamy's "Equality" is a sequel to his "Looking Backward," which we heard Bishop Vincent strongly commend from the pulpit.

Mr. Bellamy asserts that less than two per cent. of the population of the United States own seventy per cent. of its wealth, and less than one per cent. of the population own fifty-five per cent. of its wealth. Under Mr. Bellamy's new social economy everybody is better fed, better clothed, better housed, and of larger growth. Electricity does nearly all the work and enables one to see and hear anything that is going on in any part of the world. The telephone and phonograph almost entirely take the place of writing. Horses become as extinct as the palæozoic saurians. The air-ship careers through the sky, and electric ploughs break up the soil. The country is largely reforested. Chemically prepared food takes the place of butcher's meat, clothing is made of paper, as are the dishes and cooking utensils. The reign of fashion has ceased, and that of common-sense begun.

Through the equitable adjustment of this social millennium each individual has a balance in the State bank of $4,000 a year. All public services are nationalized, as water-works, lighting, ferries, railroads, telegraph, mines, and the traffic in intoxicating liquors. If Mr. Bellamy could secure the abolition of the latter he would go far to bring about the millennium of which he dreams.

A great revival has taken place in which a new religion is evolved—"a religion which has dispensed with rites and ceremonies, creeds and dogmas, and banished from this life fear and concern for the meaner self; a religion of life and conduct dominated by an impassioned sense of the solidarity of humanity and of man with God; the religion of a race that knows itself divine and fears no evil, either now or hereafter." Of course, war is abolished and universal culture and industrial peace everywhere prevail, and the Golden Rule is the rule of life and conduct. We have no space here to criticise Mr. Bellamy's theory. Notwithstanding its visionary character it suggests many lines of development along which society may progress.

A History of Canada. By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe and Company. Toronto: George N. Morang. Octavo, pp. 493. Cloth. Price, $2.00.

Few countries have so interesting and romantic history as our own beloved Canada. The tale of early discovery and exploration, the daring adventures of its sailors, its voyageurs and couriers-de-bois; its Indian wars, its sieges of Louisburg and Quebec, and of its many frontier forts; the struggle between the French and English for the conquest of the continent, the heroic story of the United Empire Loyalists, the gallant defence of Canada against vast odds in 1812-1815, the strife of parties, the settlement of great constitutional questions, the struggle for responsible government, the evolution of a federated Dominion stretching from sea to sea—these furnish a theme worthy of any pen, however gifted.

Professor Roberts, one of our most distinguished Canadian poets, has treated this noble theme with sympathetic touch, patriotic feeling and poetic insight. The first condition of a rational patriotism is an acquaintance with the history of the land in which we live. This book will make its readers more loyal and patriotic Canadians. Its literary style is excellent and it strikes us as fair and impartial in its discussion of national and international politics. An interesting chapter is devoted to the intellectual and material progress of present conditions and outlook of Canada. Prof. Roberts' vision of our country's future is like that of Milton's of the land from which we have sprung: "A nation not slow and dull,

but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtile to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to."

The Mohammedan Controversy and Other Articles. By Sir William Muir. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Price, $2.50.

This volume consists of five essays originally published, with the exception of the last, in the Calcutta *Review*. The first is dated 1845, and is a review of three treatises by Dr. Pfauder, a celebrated German missionary, on Christian faith and doctrine as opposed to the teachings of Islam. The author points out the weakness as well as the strength of the positions taken by the Christian apologists. He indicates the line of attack and the form of argument likely to prove most effective against the Moslems.

The second essay reviews the biographies of Mohammed which had appeared in English, showing the danger of incorrect statements about Mohammed and the injury done by these to the cause of Christianity. The native biographies, abounding in wild and extravagant fictions, are described.

The third essay deals with Sprenger's great monograph on the sources and growth of Mohammedan tradition. Sir William Muir has himself become the author of a great historical work on the early history of Arabia, the life of Mohammed and the rise of the Caliphate, which is now the standard English authority.

The fourth essay treats of the English Prayer-Book and its lack of adaptation to the needs of the Church in India. The fifth pleads for greater freedom in the serial use of the Psalter. The book is indispensable to candidates for missionary work in India and the East. J. McL.

Buddhism and Its Christian Critics. By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

The religion which Prof. Rhys Davids claims to have five hundred million adherents, or forty per cent. of all the inhabitants of the earth, well deserves thoughtful study. This book is a valuable contribution to comparative theology. The Mild Gautama is one of the great religious teachers of the world; but the Light of Asia pales his ineffectual fires before the Light of the World. Our author points out some striking analogies between Buddhism and certain Christian conceptions, especially as shown in its art. Some Buddhist figures bear striking resemblance to Roman Catholic altar pieces. Many of its moral teachings also are akin to those of Jesus of Nazareth. But our author, like Sir Edwin Arnold and other admirers of Buddhism, we think, unduly exalts the ethical sentiment of a system which has left so many millions of the race still sunken in moral degradation, and which, in the hermit kingdom of Tibet, has developed the fiercest intolerance on earth.

The Sanctified Life. By Rev. B. Carradine, D.D. Pp. 286. M. W. Knapp, Cincinnati, O., publisher.

The author's point of view is plainly indicated in the opening sentence of the second chapter: "The true theory of entire sanctification is that it is an instantaneous work of God wrought in the soul of a regenerated man or woman in answer to perfect consecration, unswerving faith and importunate prayer." Other theories of sanctification, as the purgatorial theory, the death theory, the reformation theory, the Zinzendorfian theory, and the growth theory, are revived and rejected. There is nothing in argument and little in illustration with which readers of this type of books are unfamiliar, but old doctrines are often put in a striking and interesting manner. Dr. Carradine gives some wholesome counsel and needful warnings. The familiar, colloquial style in which the book is written will secure readers to whom a mere logical and scholarly volume would be unwelcome. In view of the important subject-matter which our author treats, we regret that his style occasionally borders too nearly upon the flippant. The English language is surely rich enough without the coining of such words as "come-out-ism," "come-out-ers," "put-out-ism," and the like. The book would gain in value if a more sympathetic tone were maintained toward Christian brethren of differing views. Still, with all these deductions, this volume, read in a right spirit, will do good. S. P. R.

Christianity and the Progress of Man, as Illustrated by Modern Missions. By W. Douglas Mackenzie. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, $1.25.

The great subject of Christian missions is more and more challenging the atten-

tion of mankind. It is being recognized as the supreme duty of the Church—as the test of its fidelity to the last commission of the risen Lord. This book points out that the Christian religion is the only one which is capable of becoming universal. The missionary movement occupies the supreme place in the work of unifying the race and exalting the conditions of mankind. This it does by Bible translation into nearly all the babbling tongues of earth as furnishing a universal basis and permanent standard of religious experience to all mankind; by a popular education and diffusion of Christian ideals; by the influence of the noble spirit of self-sacrifice, which reaches its sublime expression in martyrdom; and by the immediate effect of conversion on personal character, family relationship and social life and civilization; the author of this book is the son of missionary parents, who laboured in South Africa for the past forty years. He illustrates his important theme by numerous citations of facts, incidents, biographical sketches, and records of missionary triumphs. His book is an important addition to the literature of missions.

The Weaving of Character and other Sermons and Addresses. By G. M. MEACHAM, Pastor of Union Church, Yokohama, Japan. Yokohama, Japan. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $1.25.

This book possesses a unique interest. It brings to us from the farthest East the voice of a loyal son of Canada, declaring in that far-off land the Gospel of the Kingdom of God. Many friends in Canada of the Rev. Dr. Meacham, a distinguished graduate of Victoria University, and one of our first and most successful missionaries to Japan, will be glad to procure a copy of his thoughtful volume of sermons. It is a tribute to the accuracy of the Japanese printers that, although not a single foreigner is employed in any capacity in the establishment from which this book issues, it will be hard to detect any difference between its printing and that of great metropolitan printing houses.

It is the old, old gospel which Dr. Meacham preached so faithfully in Canada as well as in Japan, that these sermons contain. The evangelistic zeal of the preacher is shown in the saying that, "it would delight him more than silver or gold if he knew his book was instrumental in leading some to Christ, and in building up others in their most holy faith."

When Valmond Came to Pontiac. The Story of a Lost Napoleon. By GILBERT PARKER. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Price, $1.25.

The Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Toronto, has made arrangements with Mr. Gilbert Parker for the issue of his works in Canada in a uniform edition, at $1.25 per volume. It is hoped that the publication in Canada of the works of a Canadian author will be appreciated. Valmond is represented as the son of the first Napoleon, born at St. Helena. He is brought up as a valet, and his adventures and death at Pontiac, in the Province of Quebec, form the subject of this story.

The Golden Treasury of American Songs and Lyrics. Edited by FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

The editor who prepares a choice anthology of poetic literature renders an important service to mankind. He is like a man who culls the choicest flowers in a garden. We cannot carry the whole garden around with us, but a bouquet of its best is often better than the whole. This dainty white and gold volume contains the choicest poems of fifty-seven writers, including many of the less known. Besides the gems from Longfellow and Lowell, Whittier and Holmes, the quaint humour of J. W. Riley, the tender pathos of Eugene Field, the fine vein of R. W. Gilder, T. B. Aldrich, Bliss Carman and others, make this volume of unique interest.

The Madonna in Art. By ESTELLE M. HURLL. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.00.

The religious art of Europe forms a most important element in its higher civilization. In an age of war and bloodshed the humanizing influence of the reverence of the saints and martyrs must have softened the rude manners and assuaged bitter strifes. The most humanizing of these influences was the ineffable tenderness and purity and love of the mother of our Lord and the holy innocence of the Divine Child. This beautiful volume contains admirable reproductions of thirty-one of the most important pictures by the great masters of the Madonna and Child, and holy family. The judicious criticism and sketches will enable the amateur the better to enjoy this, to many, unknown world of sacred art.

Modern Thoughts on Ancient Stories. By the Rev. Joseph Bush. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

The old Hebrew literature furnishes many noble themes for the study of modern times. In a fresh, vigorous, and original manner the author of these papers discusses the character of Jacob, Joseph, Balaam, Ruth, Elisha, Ahab and Jezebel, Nehemiah, and those warning beacons in the New Testament, Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot.

The Beth Book. Being a Study From the Life of Elizabeth Caldwell Maclure, a Woman of Genius. By Sarah Grand, Author of "The Heavenly Twins." Toronto: George N. Morang.

We have not had time to read this book, but Mr. W. T. Stead, in December, reviewed it as the most prominent book of the month, and a writer in the *Methodist Times* says: "There is a good deal in the strong teaching of this amazing volume with which we most cordially agree, but whether the author has done well to put it in a story we are not so very sure. We shall be glad if she could see some other way of gaining her ends."

Daily Thoughts for a Year from the Letters of Samuel Rutherford. Selected by Eva S. Sandeman. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 35 cts.

Rutherford's letters are Christian classics dear to the hearts of thousands. It was a happy thought to select some of his glowing sentences of Christian experience for daily meditation. The book is beautifully printed in the Helps for Life's Guidance Series, printed in red and black.

Nirvana. By Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

This is a quaint booklet printed on crepe paper with queer Indian pictures covering the whole page. It gives some interesting stories, parables, and philosophy, illustrating the Buddhist faith, held by two-fifths of the human race.

The Methodist Year Book for 1898. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 142. Price, 15 cents.

This little book is packed full of information about the Methodisms of the world, and especially about the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The Book Committee has decided to publish a new psalter. It is stated that the book will contain one hundred Psalms (A. V.), fifty hymns which are not in the Wesleyan hymn-book, such as "Eternal Light," "Lead, Kindly Light," "Onward, Christian Soldiers," etc., also a number of children's hymns and a few anthems.

A gentleman has given £5,000 for the maintenance of Wesley's house adjoining the chapel in City Road. The interest only is to be used. The three rooms which were used by Mr. Wesley are to be sacredly kept in the same order in which he left them. One room will be used for Methodist relics. The workers of City Road Circuit are to meet here. The chapel, house and premises are visited by thousands every year from all parts of the world, and will be a sacred spot to Methodists to the end of time. March 2nd, being the anniversary of Mr. Wesley's death, will be observed as the day for the dedication services in setting apart Wesley's house for the above named purposes.

The Secretary of State for India has made the following strong statement: "The Government of India cannot but acknowledge the great obligation under which it is laid by the benevolent exertions made by missionaries, whose blameless examples and self-denying labours are infusing new vigour into the stereotyped life of the great population placed under English rule."

Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P., proposes to inaugurate a Commemoration Fund of

£1,000,000 with which to commence the twentieth century. He hopes that a million persons will subscribe £1 each by January 1st, 1901, to be applied for church purposes.

On a plan of Johannesburg Circuit, South Africa, recently issued, there are the names of five local preachers, one class-leader, one Sunday-school superintendent, one steward, one Sunday-school secretary, from the St. Agnes Circuit, Cornwall.

A new Welsh hymn-book for Calvinistic Methodists has recently been issued, and the first edition of 60,000 copies has been sold at the start.

The Queensland (Australasia) Methodist Jubilee has been celebrated. The union of the various branches of Methodism in Queensland has become an accomplished fact, and with few exceptions all concerned seem to be well pleased with the event.

John Ackworth's new book, "Beckside Lights" has had a sale of 2,000, and "Clog-Shop Chronicles" has reached its 8,000.

Methodist Episcopal.

One of the newer features in connection with the Annual Conferences is the Conference of the Itinerants' Club. A number of such clubs have already been organized. They meet once a year in the interim between the Conference sessions, to listen to lectures on various biblical and ecclesiastical topics. The Conference examinations of the younger preachers are often held at the same time and place.

The King of Corea sometimes sends for the missionaries and inquires how their work is progressing.

The Methodists have more Bible-women than any other American society in India.

The California Conference has three districts in foreign tongues—Chinese, Japanese and Swedish. Americans, Chinese, Japanese, and Scandinavians, all sitting in the same Conference in delightful fellowship, recalls the fact that, "in every nation he that feareth God is accepted of him."

The Philadelphia Methodist Hospital is but five years old, 2,500 patients have been treated, without regard to religious proclivities, and 12,000 persons have been served with medicine from its dispensary.

Protestant denominations in the United States: Methodists, white and coloured, 5,653,289; Baptists of every name, 4,153,857; Presbyterians, 1,460,346; Lutherans, 1,420,905; Disciples of Christ, 1,003,672; Protestant Episcopalian, 636,773; Congregationalists, 622,557.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

South Carolina Conference, which met in December, 1897, reported an increase of ten thousand members for the year just closed.

The attendance at Vanderbilt University has doubled during the last nine years.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society's collections last year were $28,113.92 larger than the year before.

Augusta, Georgia, will soon celebrate the centenary of the establishment of Methodism in the State.

The Methodist Church.

The Missionary Report recently issued is a bulky book which will repay careful study, The income amounts to $238,824.27, and is thus getting near to the amount often asked for, a quarter of a million, yet it is not sufficient for the requirements of the Society. The Central Board calls for an advance of 30 per cent. on the givings now reported, without which there will be a deficiency at the end of the year. An earnest appeal is being made for missionaries to be sent to the Klondike, where thousands have gone in search of gold.

A new church has been erected at Rat Portage, the Rev. A. Andrews, pastor. The church will hold over 500 persons. It cost $9,500, all of which is provided for.

A gentleman has agreed to contribute $800 for the support of native missionaries in Japan; three such and two evangelists have thus been selected and appointed to labour.

Methodist New Connexion.

The centenary volume has been published and has been well received.

In the North of England evangelistic services were held. A local preacher of sixty-four years' standing took part and several persons professed conversion.

Primitive Methodist.

The question of union with the Bible Christian Church has been discussed by the various district committees. Most of them wish to retain the representation of two laymen to one minister in the district meetings and Conference. It is not probable that the Bible Christians

will concede this or suggest an acceptable compromise, hence it is to be feared that the amalgamation of these branches of the Methodist family will not take place in the immediate future.

Rev. Jas. Pickett, Leicester, has received an illuminated address accompanied with seventy guineas as an expression of public esteem.

Mr. W. P. Hartley, J.P., has given $500 to the Aged and Needy Local Preachers' Fund.

Recent Deaths.

The Rev. Geo. Barlow, Wesleyan, Northampton, England, was drowned in the Channel in the collision between the *Esparto*, of Leith, and the *Noel*, of Dunkirk. The *Esparto* was cut in two by the other vessel and sank almost immediately. Mr. Barlow, who was on furlough for his health, was the only passenger. He had been in the ministry thirty-seven years.

The Rev. Michael Fawcett, superannuated minister, Toronto Conference, was called to his long home, December 18th. He was one of the oldest members of the Conference, and probably one of the best known. He became an itinerant in 1841. He was sometimes described as belonging to the "old school," and as such he died. In tendering his love to his brother ministers, he urged that they preach the old-fashioned Gospel. He leaves two sons and a grandson in the ministry. His funeral was numerously attended. Many of his old comrades in arms were present.

Rev. W. Burns, D.D., of the Presbyterian Church, Canada, for many years known as Secretary for the Deceased Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund, died at Guelph, January 2nd, 1898. He left his home in Toronto, on New Year's Day, feeling, as he said, in the best of health. He preached in Guelph on Sunday morning with great power. In the afternoon he went to attend a funeral, but while standing with the Bible in his hand, and about to commence the service in the death-chamber, he fell to the floor. Two medical men were in immediate attendance, but they pronounced life extinct. The deceased gentleman was deservedly respected. He was Moderator of the Toronto Presbytery at the time of his death. His widow and family have the sympathy of numerous friends.

Missionary Items.

The four women physicians in the North China Mission and three assistants treated last year a total of 37,113 patients.

During the past year 1,775 Sunday-schools were started in India and 66,000 new scholars brought in.

It is proposed to found a school in Shanghai, China, for Chinese girls and women, which is to grow into a university.

It is intended to place oak tablets in the hall of Wesleyan College, Richmond, on which shall be inscribed the names of the missionaries who have gone forth from the college and died in the field.

Educated natives in Japan and India are beginning to realize the value of Christian home life. A Japanese gentleman lately remarked: "The religion that makes the purest and happiest home will always be the best for any country. If Christianity does that, it is the right religion for Japan."

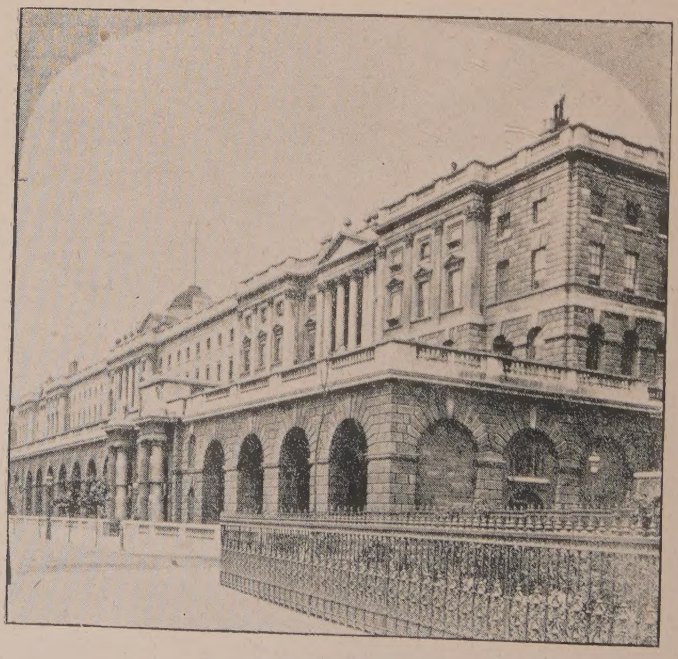
The late report presented at the annual meeting of the China Inland Mission showed about $31,000 already raised this year in Canada and the United States. There are now ninety-seven missionaries in China from this continent, fifty-four of them being women. Five missionaries and two probationers have been sent out this year.

The India *Witness* recently said that the Methodist Church in India "has 70,000 church members; 30,000 young people are being trained in 1,300 educational institutions of every kind; nearly 80,000 children are taught in 2,200 Sunday-schools. Two hundred American and other foreign missionaries direct this work in India and Malaysia, assisted by over 3,000 regularly appointed Indian agents. The mission property is valued at $9,750,000."

Barbara Heck Premium.

Much interest is being shown in the proposed Barbara Heck Woman's Residence at Victoria University. Active Local Committees are co-operating with the Committee in Toronto for deepening this interest and raising funds for this memorial of the mother of Methodism in Canada. To aid this movement the author of the story of "Barbara Heck" offers a copy of that book as a premium to any subscriber to the Methodist Magazine, either old or new, post free, for the nominal sum of 25 cents. Address Rev. Dr. Withrow, or, Rev. Dr. Briggs, Methodist Book Room, Toronto.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.



SOMERSET HOUSE.